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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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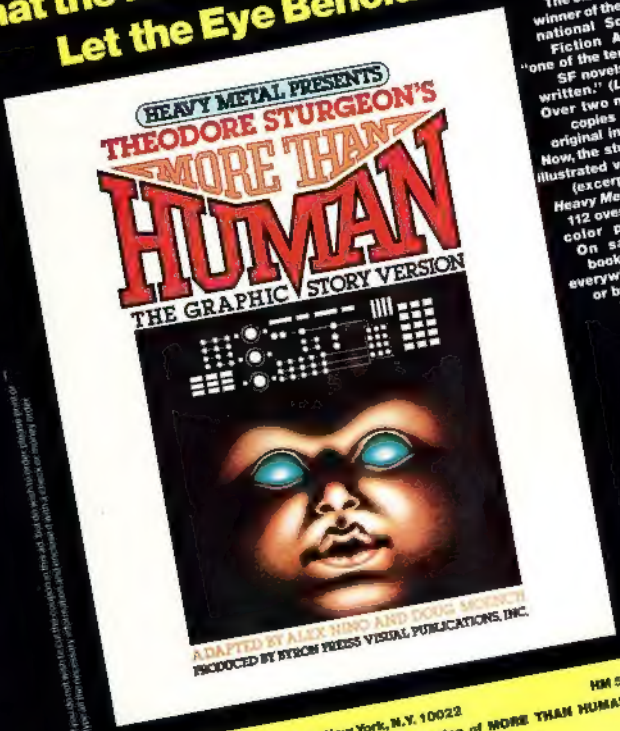
HEAVY METAL PRESENTS
THEODORE STURGEON'S
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Illustration by **Michael Gross**

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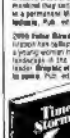

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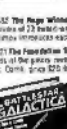

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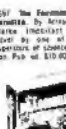

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...TWENTY-SIX...

Had hoped to bring you stunning conclusion to "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" in this issue, the society to release complete series in book form to McKie fans delirious with anticipation; but *Britain* on strike, acting out Anthony Burgess's scenario six years early, thus no pages from Angus. Last chapter even now in mid-Atlantic aboard refurbished u-boat, to appear in June edition unless hopelessly lost Canadian Air Force sub chasers still on '45 mission and damn low on petrol sight and sink same.

Open pages provide long awaited opportunity to present "Entropics," native American masterpiece we're all terribly keen on at *HM*. Damn thing's been hooting around the offices in one form or another for two years now.

Also herein, the opening episode of "Alien: The Illustrated Story," high falutin' title of the comic based on the movie *Alien*. You might also start saving up your spare change for the book of the same name, soon to be ticking away on your grocer's shelf or wherever.

The Corben-Smud "Arabian Nights" will certainly be released as its own book when it finishes as a serial in the magazine, and will also, as far as we know, appear unlimited in the upcoming *Heavy Metal* feature film. It's this kind of creative recycling of material that has earned us eco praise from eco nuts everywhere, a chorus of gratitude far louder than the murmurs of "ripoff" from a disgruntled few.

Stay tuned for a complete and unabridged fifty-page space opera entitled *Captain Future*, complete in the June issue.

You know, the last time *Heavy Metal* made a mistake on a Bjorn Preiss extravaganza, I promised it would never happen again. Really. And I meant it.

But there's a sucker born every minute, and I had the kid believing me—up until our March issue that is. Our printers took it upon themselves to drop the red plate off a spread in "The Stars My Destination" excerpt. Oooops. Sorry.

When confronted with an irate Mr. Preiss who steamed, "What are you planning to do about this?," I agreed to run the cover of "Stars." And you know, it's pretty nice.

Here ya go readers, the first Chaykin oil painting ever to be seen by human eyes.

—*JS*

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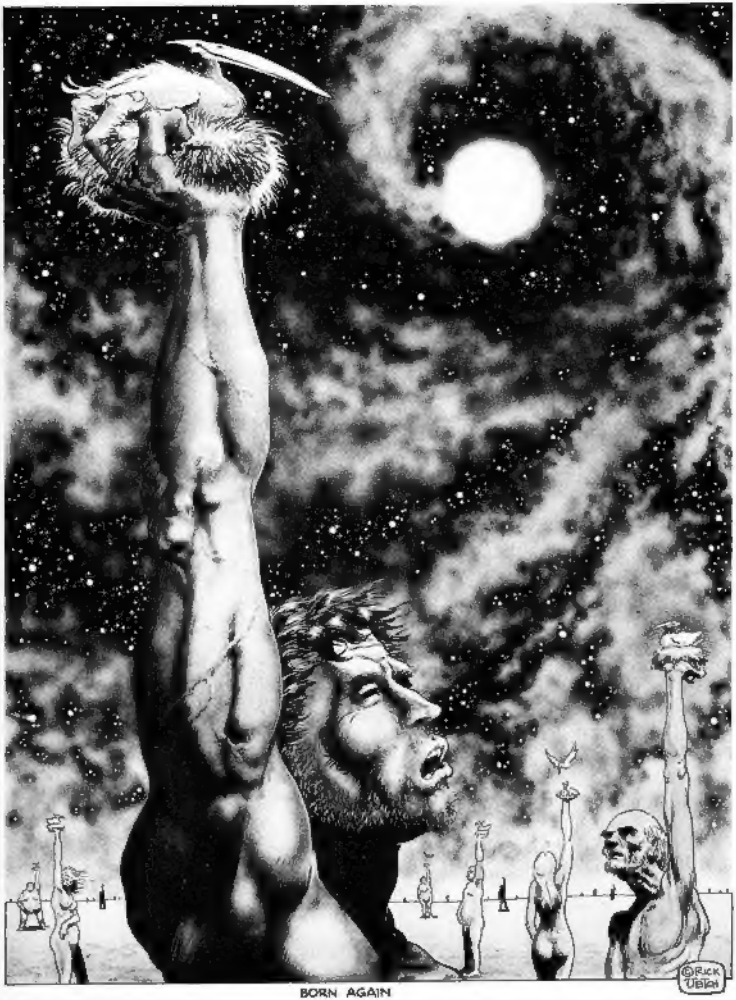


BORN AGAIN

Chain Mail

Dear Editors:

You're crazy if you don't bring out McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" as a *Heavy Metal* book. I would hereby like to order the first copy.

Thomas R. Dupree
Jackson, Miss.

Dear T.R.: Send money. Book is due out this summer. – Eds.

Metalites:

I'll renew my subscription 'til one of us is no more! P.S.—I wonder if you could get someone to do some H.P. Lovecraft for your glorious pages?

J. Lucifer Cthulu Chtonium
El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear J.L.C.C.: Our complete Lovecraft issue will appear in October. – Eds.

Dear *HM*:

I'm sorry to say that your magazine is deteriorating with alarming speed.

Sam Taub
N.Y.C., N.Y.

Dear Sam: If you had alarming speed, you'd deteriorate, too. – Eds.

Dear *HM*:

I am distressed at your withdrawal of Karl Kofoed's "Galactica Geographic." Also, I would like to see more Bob Aull, whose work never ceases to astound me. One more thing—is Moebius really gay?

Eric Sadayama
Pearl City, Hawaii

Dear Eric: As you can see, Karl's back. Bob is finishing a cover for us. Moebius is a celibate Zen monk, who fucks only God. – Eds.

Heavy Metal Eds:

I have the good fortune to have read every single issue of *HM*. Tell those readers who are constantly moaning about certain features that this is science fiction and fantasy, folks, not the news or a soap opera. If they want a comic book, they can go buy a comic book.

Kevin Kelly
Denver, Colo.

Dear Editors:

I was really taken aback by those criticisms of "Off-Season." I considered the artwork to be truly brilliant. Some people just can't appreciate an abstract story line.

Andy Biggerstaff
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

"Lulea" in your February issue was the most incredible science fiction story I have ever read! Each panel looked like an oil painting that belonged in a museum.....

Natalie Tyson
N.Y.C., N.Y.

Dear Natalie: Maybe the stuff in museums belongs in Heavy Metal. Eds.

Dear *HM*:

Ten minutes ago I picked up *HM* and thought it was quite humorous. But then I saw "Orion." How disgusting! All those 90% naked floozies running around! And all the hot young honeys fully clothed. *Unfair!* Don't you think I like to stare at a nice bod every now and then? Don't tell my old man—he's got green eyes.

Peg Stah
Newark, Del.

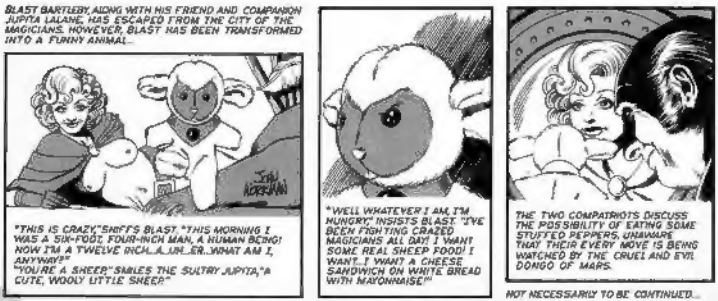
Dear Peg: Now he knows – Eds.

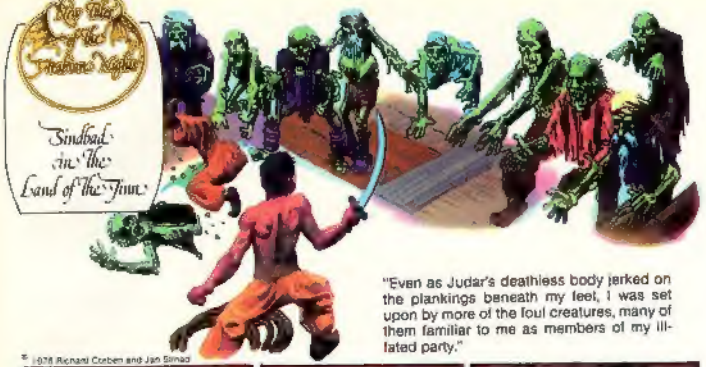
Dear *HM*:

...I have only one request of you and that is don't ever let *Heavy Metal* fall to duller content levels by replacing the highly appreciated excellence with excessive advertisement. Don't ever let that filth overrun *HM*, and your magazine will become an everlasting symbol of what people want.....

C. Paul Roth
Wauconda, Ill.

Dear C. Paul: Try as we might, we can't seem to sell out to advertisers. Too many evil bucks would be a nice problem to have.... Eds.


BLAST BARTLEBY, ALONG WITH HIS FRIEND AND COMPANION JUPITA LALANE, HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CITY OF THE MAGICIANS. HOWEVER, BLAST HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A FUNNY ANIMAL...
"THIS IS CRAZY," SHEETS BLAST. "THIS MORNING I WAS A SIX-FOOT, FOUR-INCH MAN, A HUMAN BEING! NOW I'M A TWELVE INCH...A LIE...ER...WHAT AM I, ANYWAY?"
"YOU'RE A SHEEP," SMILES THE SULTRY JUPITA, "A CUTE, WOOLY LITTLE SHEEP."
"WELL WHATEVER I AM, I'M HUNGRY," INSISTS BLAST. "I'VE BEEN FIGHTING CRAZED MAGICIANS ALL DAY. I WANT SOME REAL SHEEP FOOD! I WANT...I WANT A CHEESE SANDWICH ON WHITE BREAD WITH MAYONNAISE!"
THE TWO COMPATRIOTS DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITY OF EATING SOME STUFFED PEPPERS, UNAWARE THAT THEIR EVERY MOVE IS BEING WATCHED BY THE CRUEL AND EVIL DOMOO OF MARS.
NOT NECESSARILY TO BE CONTINUED...

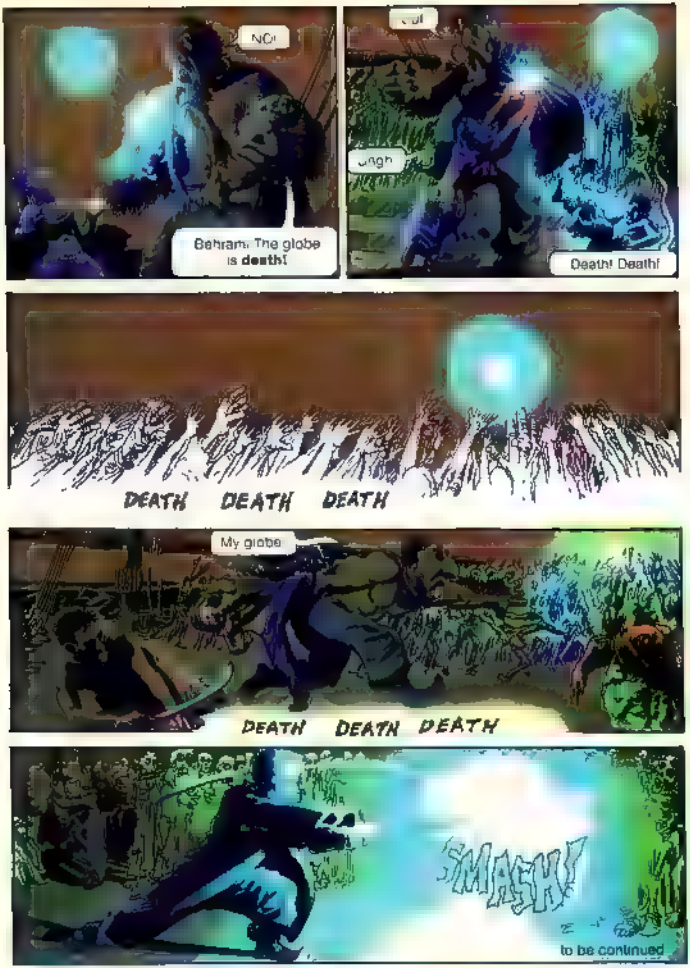


"Even as Judar's deathless body jerked on the plankings beneath my feet, I was set upon by more of the foul creatures, many of them familiar to me as members of my ill-fated party."

© 1978 Richard Corben and Jan Strnad

"My body forced flat to the deck, my head was lifted to torture my sight with a face I'd prayed not to see . . ."
. . . Behram! So you, too, I have killed!
No, Sindbad, **not** killed . . .
We are yet alive, Sindbad! You must deliver us! You owe us the mercy of death!
Bismallah, it's true! But **how** . . . ?!
How indeed, Sindbad?
You see, Ali— I told you we'd find him here.

You're a rabbit before the lions. Sindbad. Allah hears not your prayers! Your eternal damnation is at hand!
You pathetic wriggling worm. You do well to hide your eyes!
Within this globe lies the legacy of Solomon himself the power of the Jinn stolen from them as he sealed the rebellious in bottles of lead and buried them in the deepest seas! Within is power to bring even **Zu'l Janahayn** beneath my dominion!
The torch !
Huh?


NO!
Behram: The globe is **death!**
Death! Death!
DEATH DEATH DEATH
My globe
DEATH DEATH DEATH
SMASH!
to be continued

6 FROM HEAVY METAL

CONQUERING ARMIES. From Heavy Metal magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who are always to return. Script by Moebius (Jean Giraud) and Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gall. Large size 9" x 12". $4.95 HM4013

PSYCHOROCK! Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the story-by-panel and inter-galactic biker battle-anointed overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the tenets of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 9" by 12". $3.95 HM4010

ULYSSES, PART 1: Art and text by Lob and Druillet (who brought you Cardinal Sin), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the Iliad). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and equal physical attributes against those of more powerful gods and goddesses with the morals of mere mortals as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color 9" x 12". $5.95 HM4014

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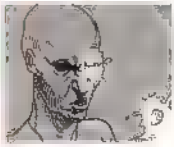

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"WE LIVE AS WE DREAM-- ALONE."
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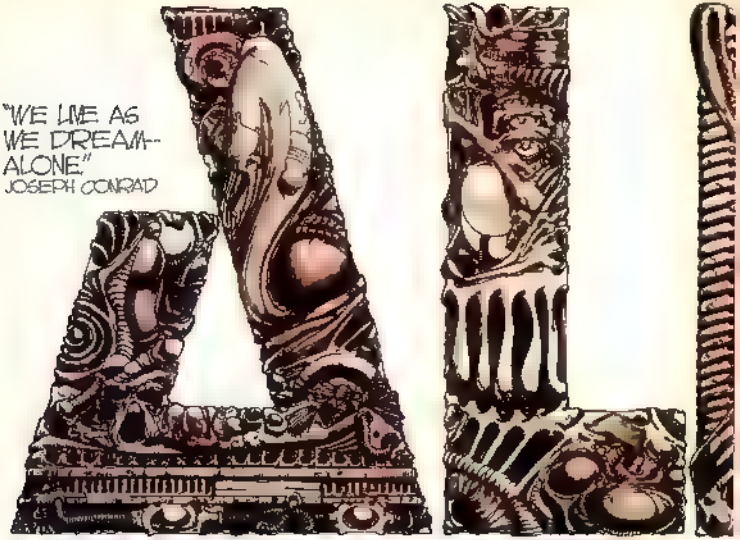

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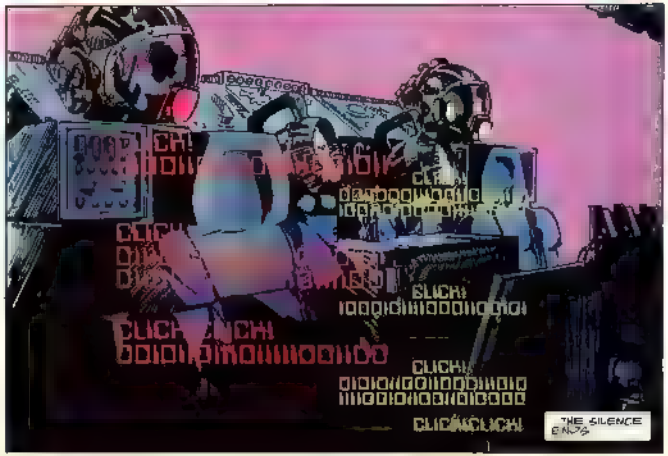
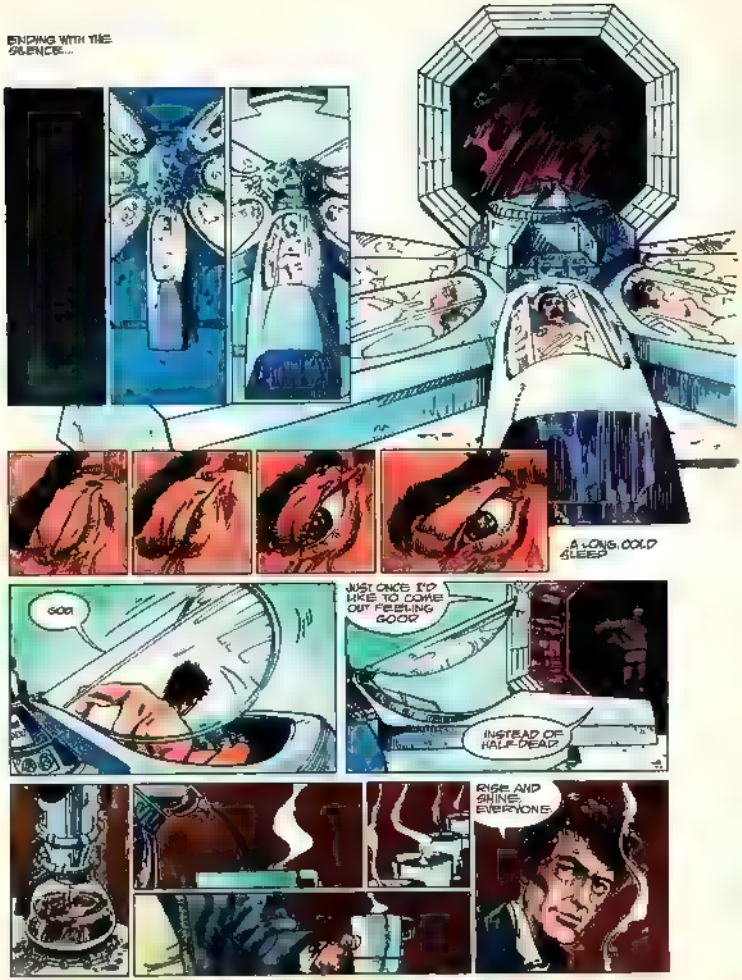
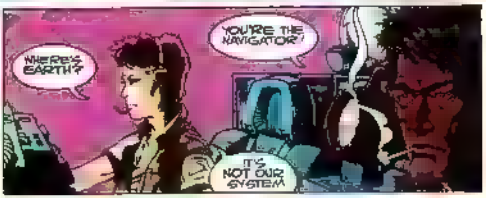


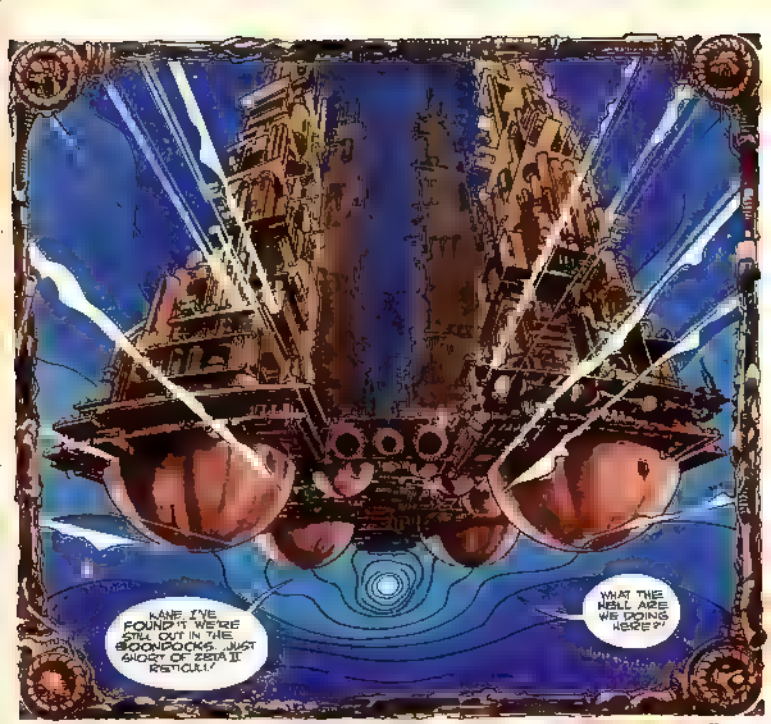
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
THE SILENCE ENDS


ENDING WITH THE SILENCE...
A LONG, COLD SLEEP
GOD.
JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO COME OUT FEELING GOOD!
INSTEAD OF HALF-DEAD!
RISE AND SHINE, EVERYONE.

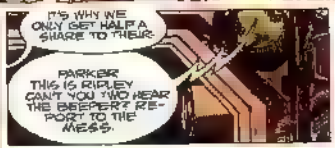
STIFFLY SILLENLY THEY ENTER, IGNORING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE, FOR THE COFFEE HE'S BREWED
IT'S CAPTAIN... DALLAS
WARRANT OFFICER... RIPLEY
SCIENCE OFFICER... ASH
SHIP'S NAVIGATOR
...LAMBERT
ENGINEER PARKER
AND HIS TECHNICIAN, BRETT
SEVEN BEINGS, TWO FEMALE, FIVE MALE GRADUALLY BEGINNING TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.
FORE WE DOCK, MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO OVER THE BONUS SITUATION.
RIGHT
BRETT AND I THINK WE DESERVE A FULL SHARE
YOU TWO WILL GET WHAT YOU CONTRACTED FOR PARKER, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE
EXCEPT MAYBE FOR JONES, THE DAMN CAT.
EVERYONE ELSE GETS MORE THAN US
RIGHT
EVERYONE ELSE DESERVES MORE THAN YOU
PALLAS.
...GOT A YELLOW LIGHT MOTHER WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.
I SAW IT, ASH
THE REST OF YOU HIT YOUR STATIONS
YELLOW LIGHT

THE BRIDGE SWITCHES ARE THROWN. POWER CELLS HUM. LIGHTS FLICKER & STARSHIP NOSTROMO COMES TO LIFE




KANE I'VE FOUND IT WE'RE STILL OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS. JUST SHORT OF ZETA II RETICULI.
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING HERE?!

THERE GOES THE BEEPER! CHRIST WHAT IS IT NOW?
WHY DON'T THEY EVER COME DOWN HERE? THIS IS WHERE THE WORK IS.
RIGHT OUR TIME IS THEIR TIME THAT'S THE WAY THEY SEE IT


IT'S WHY WE ONLY GET HALF A SHARE TO THEIR.
PARKER THIS IS RIPLEY CAN'T YOU TWO HEAR THE BEEPER? REPORT TO THE MESS.

I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN' BRETT IT STINKS.

AS MOST OF YOU HAVE ALREADY FIGURED OUT... WE'RE NOT HOME. MOTHER'S INTERRUPTED OUR VOYAGE BACK TO EARTH.
WHAT THE HELL ?
WHY, DALLAS?
SHE'S PROGRAMMED TO DO THAT IF CERTAIN CONDITIONS ARISE. KANE THEY HAVE SEEMS MOTHER INTERCEPTED A TRANSMISSION OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.
"TRANSMISSION? OUT HERE ?
AN ACOUSTIC BEACON IT REPEATS AT 32 SECOND INTERVALS.
IS IT AN S.O.S ?
UNKNOWN
HUMAN?
UNKNOWN
SO WHAT. ?
CHRIST I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT WE'RE NOT A RESCUE TEAM.
THAT KIND'A DUTY'S NOT IN OUR CONTRACT BUT, IF IT'S FOR MONEY--
BETTER REREAD THE FINE PRINT.
ANY SYSTEMATIZED TRANSMISSION INDICATING POSSIBLE INTELLIGENT ORIGIN MUST BE INVESTIGATED
UNDER PENALTY OF TOTAL FORFEITURE.
PARKER BRETT
WE'RE GOING IN THAT'S IT
UH. RIGHT
WE'RE GOIN' IN. SIR
WELL, AGH, CAN WE LAND ON IT?
SOMEONE DID
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN

OKAY, LET'S HEAR IT
CLICK
GOD! DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ANY RADIO SIGNAL I'VE EVER HEARD
MAYBE IT'S A VOICE
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, RIDLEY
HOMED IN ON IT, LAMBERT?
COMING UP ON THE SCREEN.
CAN YOU GET T'A LITTLE CLOSER?
NO. YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT IT FROM THIS DISTANCE.
SMART ASS
THERE PLANETOID DIAMETER 200 METERS
TINY. ANY ROTATION?
'BOUT TWO HOURS, DALLAS AND THERE'S GRAVITY POINT EIGHT 8 X
THAT SETTLES ONE THING.
WHEN WE GET THERE...
YOU CAN WALK ON IT!

to be continued

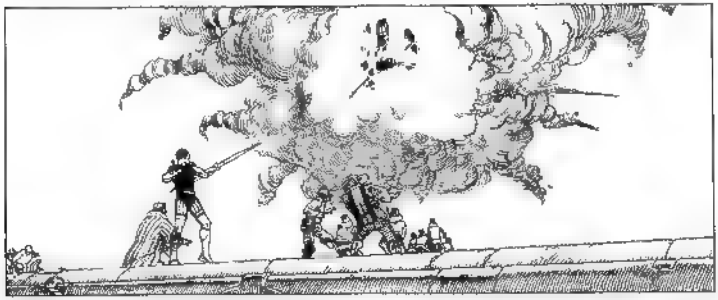
STORY SO FAR

ARC 4 LOST ON AN AGATORY LAND FAR FROM NORMANDY. HE WILL NEVER SET FOOT ABOARD THE CIGUR AGAIN. BUT HE WILL FIND LOVE, AND HE WILL DIE GLORIOUSLY.

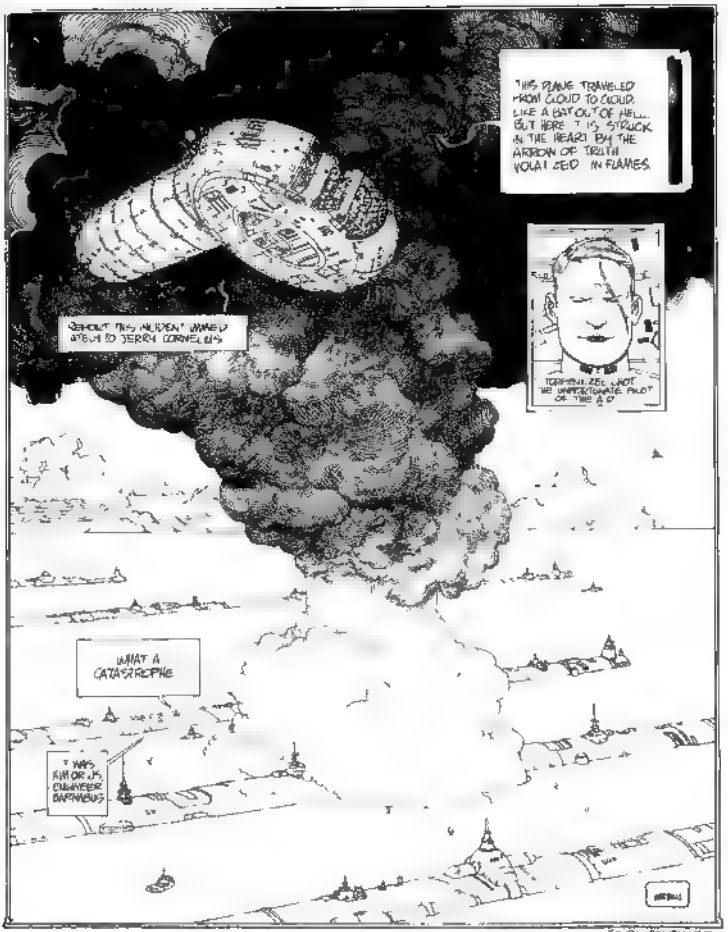
A STRIP BY MOEBIUS*

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JERRY CORNELIUS

STORY



*OR HOW TO TURN AND FACE ONESELF SO THAT THE TWO FACES BECOME ONE


THIS PLANE TRAVELED FROM CLOUD TO CLOUD, LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL... BUT HERE IT IS STRUCK IN THE HEART BY THE ARROW OF TRUTH AND CAUGHT IN FLAMES.
ABOUT THIS MURDER, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY, JERRY CORNELIUS?
TERRENCE, NOT ME UNFORTUNATE PILOT OF "THE A.D"
WHAT A CATASTROPHE
IT WAS HIM OR US, CHEVALIER BARENBOIM
MOEBIUS

TO BE CONTINUED

STARDOWN

Part IV

BY JOHN POCSIK

PEW's vocal indicator lit up. Praetonus' calm voice broke the silence. "I know how you're feeling, Flan. Family ties are a troublesome responsibility, especially when they're bound up in robes of royalty and tradition. But then, one's freedom often collides head on with the quest for one's destiny."

"I know, uncle PEW. What did you do? How did you handle it?"

The warbot hummed as if processing a complex equation. It tilted toward Flan as the speedster swept round a curve between crumbling sea walls.

"Like yourself, I tried to avoid the problem – the petty intrigues, the back-stabbing, the lies, the compromises – by opting for the mercenary service, sanctioned by the Sunhearts, but never really approved of. Sort of a skeleton-in-the-closet public servant if you like. But I was at least my own man in those days, and causes were pla ner results more direct, easier to understand. We were fighting for our lives against the moths. But you know – LOOK OUT!"

Flashing up over a curving rise, the screamcar was directly in the path of a gigantic war wheel, pinned in its beams. The juggernaut's knobby gr ppers banged thunderously against the highroad's meta plating. Flan arced the wheel, gunning it, and they were speeding down a column of the weapons, nearly deafened by their engine roar. He stopped counting the machines after thirty.

◊ **their guns are tracking us** ◊

Flan spun the whee hard left. The car left the road n a cloud of dust and flying pebbles. He punched for maximum power the screamcar sheered up the side of the embankment, nose rising from horizontal to near vertical. Hanging there suspended, Flan hoped that his crash web would not snap from the strain.

Well, PEW, we might still register on their visuals, but at this pitch and rate of speed they're going to have one hell of a time finding a target of opportunity.

The screamcar slipped up over the embankment's crest, bounced down hard, yawing dangerously, slamming Flan against his door. *But he still had control!* He touched the wheel again. The car angled further into the dark, away from the roadway.

And now the virtual image reader revealed something else: almost as great a concentration of military activity out there in the hidden flats as there was on the road to Ilium – formations of men and machine creeping through the dark parallel to the wheels, armored Burrowers erecting paralapse bunkers along the dead shoreline, LAT drones.

"PEW?" Flan asked as his eyes made a swift circuit of the instrument panel: engine temperature was going up – due, no doubt, to dust sucked into the intakes. He scanned the roadway again, watching transparent rock outcroppings and hummocks sweep past like the rise and fall of an irregular heartbeat track.

The roaring in his ears was making his head ache, he tore the plugs out. Nothing to

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2 HI ANY Mc Ai

Hurtling through the heated, velvet dark, Prince Flan Sunheart finds that a wild screamcar ride cannot cure his depression. Again he hears his father's plea that he remain on Illum Prime; again he hears himself decline Emperor Alldin Sunhear 's wish.

Now, hastening to be off-planet and free of the intrigues which are destroying his royal family, the youth finds himself weighted with a burden of guilt and sadness. As he booms along beneath the icy glare of Illum's moon, eager for the starry highroads, he knows with certainty that he will not easily be rid of the burden this time.

hear but static-jamming anyway

Maneuvers – on a vaster, grander scale than ever before! But for what purpose, to what end? It went beyond strange; it was very –

"Menacing is the word, I believe," PEW voiced.

Then they were solitary in the night once more racing down one of the abandoned access roads, scant inches above the buckled and melted permaplast

He slowed to a stop at the edge of a bluff overlooking the spaceport's northeastern quadrant. Anti-personnel lasers were operative all along the perimeter green and yellow beams moving in regulated sweeps A flickering drew his eyes toward an aux iliary gate where a low-energy plasma shield appeared to be malfunctioning. The field itself was black with Armada troopers milling about the big-bellied carriers and gunships.

Far out on the field – needle in the night – stood the *Omega Wing*, poised for flight – and apparently unguarded.

Disembodied shouts came to him – too distant for clear understanding, but military and forbidding in their tone and import

◊ command is calling for full field integrity tech are going to try to patch that gate's shield power unit into the laser systems : : port remains sealed to all except military ' ' armada maneuvers appear to be continuing , however observe that those flyers are equipped with oriflamme bombs ◆

The youth frowned. "Corona must be mad to do that; those are strictly wartime weapons! We've got to call the Palace and alert father"

◊ call would never pass through the jammers : : ' an alternate suggestion . : wait until we are off-planet and link in ◆

"Well, we've a choice. It's either back to Illum with a departure delay no doubt – or we test Corona's security forces now, see how well he's been training the boys." Sunheart studied the area below them, determining approach path, obstacles time required for acceleration. Satisfied at last, he eased back onto the seat, checked his impact webbing, raised the cockpit dome, switched on the screamcar's defense

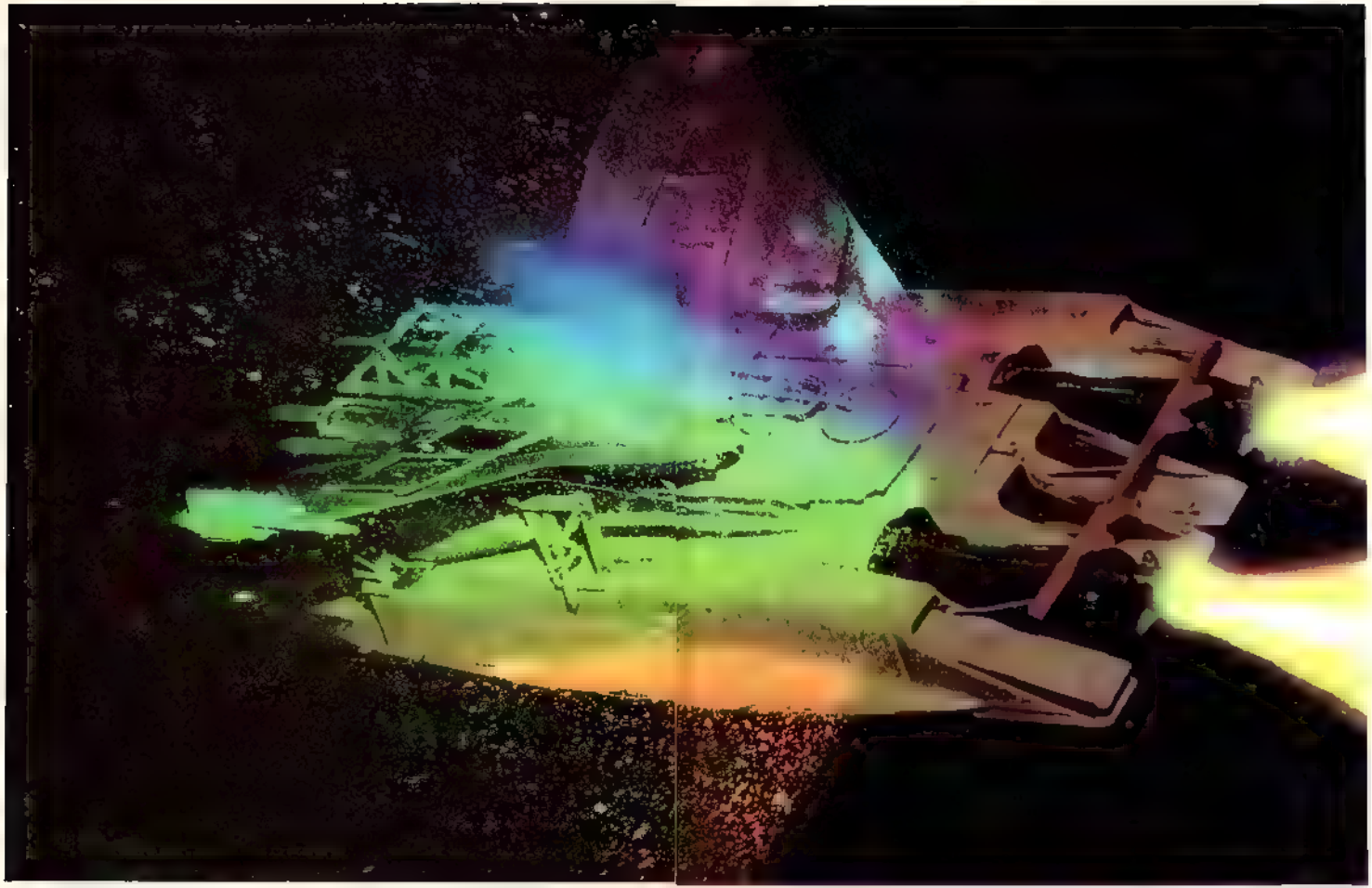
"You do not think they will fire on us?" PEW queried, sounding almost worried

"With the Sunheart crest in full display? Would you? No, PEW, this is just a military exercise, and we're going to exercise the military, have some fun." He grinned as he pressed the starter

"I would hate to be with you when you were really enjoying yourself," the machine grumbled, withdrawing its prime lenses.

The vehicle eased slowly down the incline into the bleak glare of the auxilliary gate's illumination. The small knot of troopers and technicians laboring over the power unit looked up in puzzled confusion as they recognized the royal seal. Several snapped to attention until an officer yelled at them. No one had as yet unslung his weapon.

Glancing at the chronodisc, Flan timed



the intervals between energy pulses in the defective shield.

Here we go, PEW; hang on.

The glowing speed marker lept across the dial toward scarlet. The screamcar slewed under the sudden surge of power, Flan fighting to hold the nose down. They bore down on the figures by the gate. Hands were beginning to reach for guns, but by then it was too late, and the soldiers had to throw themselves out of the way. White, strained faces flashed past.

The car shot through the gateway just as the plasma curtain pulsed feebly on. Sparks showered, bouncing off the dome. The vehicle shuddered – sides smoking – and then they were careering across the metal plain past the cruisers.

Heat beams and stun-bolts zipped across their field of vision, criss-crossing in front of them. The entire military contingent appeared to be opening up.

Flan cut the power as the *Omega Wing* swelled before him, coasting in silently. The speed indicator fell back into emerald acceptability.

"Get ready, PEW! Activate preliminary and main ignition sequences. I'll stay with the car until you're on board." Flan kicked the door open, drew his blastmaster, fed a charge-magazine into the butt. The firing behind them had stopped, but several armoreds were heading their way, glowlamps bobbing crazily.

The warbot was already rolling toward the lowering rampway. Warm welcome light streamed through the port.

That was when a squad of Armada men came running around the tail of the ship.

Don't stop PEW! Get on board! This isn't a game or a maneuver anymore.

◊ **concur** ◊

One of the troopers raised his weapon, aimed it at the machine.

"Hold your fire!" Sunheart yelled. "This is Flan Sunheart, Prince of – "

"Hell!" the man shouted, pulling the trigger. Metal glowed. *He's raying me,* Sunheart thought in amazement; *he's trying to kill me!* The youth returned fire. Instantly the soldier stiffened and hit the grid noisily. A heat beam melted a hole in the door glass by Flan's shoulder. He ducked down as energy bolts began to rip into the car. Shouts sounded all around him; far off, across the field, a siren was wailing. He loosed three quick shots at figures running toward him. They pitched forward, rifles skittering into the the darkness. PEW had disappeared into the ship.

Flan looked at his time gauge. Bootsteps rang on metal. A man appeared from behind the car, firing rapidly, but too high. Sunheart's face felt as if it were aflame. The youth's return shot flipped the soldier over the back end.

The vehicle's single tire exploded from the heat. The frame banged down hard upon the grid.

Above all the yelling, Sunheart caught the rising moan of the ion engines. He crouched, firing randomly into the night.

Grid plates erupted nearby. The con-

cussion knocked him down. *They've brought in a sono-cannon,* he realized, *and the next shot –*

The screamcar blew up in a thunderous ball of flame. Chunks of chromalloy shrieked past him as the burning hulk flew high into the air, twisting and turning – just missing the *Wing!* – to land on a gun group.

◊ **come on ' : flan : : : they are all around us** ◊

Groggily, the youth got to his feet. Stray bolts hummed through the billowing smoke. He ran toward the spacecraft.

A figure loomed before him.

"Goodbye, Sunheart," Captain Spar laughed as he lifted the sansodim.

Without breaking stride, the youth kicked the man in the groin. Spar coughed in agony, dropping the gun. He raised his hands to protect himself, but Sunheart was faster. The long barrel of Flan's blastmaster impacted against the officer's metal jaw. Even before the man hit the ground, Flan was racing up the ramp.

Close the hatch, PEW! Close the hatch!

A cascade of bright blue sparks almost blinded him as a force-bolt deflected off one of the hatch sections, and then he was diving through, his bootheels barely clearing as the wedges clanged shut.

Sunheart clawed his way forward to the control cabin, barely noticing PEW already plugged into the console. All systems glowed green-positive. Through the viewport, the horizon was lit by stark splashes of light in the direction of Ilium. Nearer, Corona's shock troops were massing for an assault on the *Wing;* but the high-density shield which PEW had turned on was absorbing their fire.

Overhead he saw the faint silvery glow trails of a drone formation.

Flan hit the exterior probe lights, freezing the milling troopers. Without hesitation, he sounded the takeoff alarm as he throttled up to full power. The black shapes outside scattered in all directions.

The *Omega Wing* began to move forward slowly, disengaging from the power-core lines. A moment more, and then they were climbing steeply into the velvet night, pressed back into their seats.

Thrust, attitude good. Readouts, positive. LAT systems normal. Atmosphere intakes, vents, clean. Cabin: pressurized.

Flan checked his biomed unit; found both his pulse and cardiac strained and rapid. The familiar howl of static-jamming brayed from the com.

Backed down on power, level and trimmed, the ship rocketed toward those fiery bursts of light rising from the City.

For the first time, he noticed that his hands were trembling; he was finding it difficult to breathe, and there was a terrible buzzing in his head. He could not concentrate on *anything* except that ominous glow on the horizon.

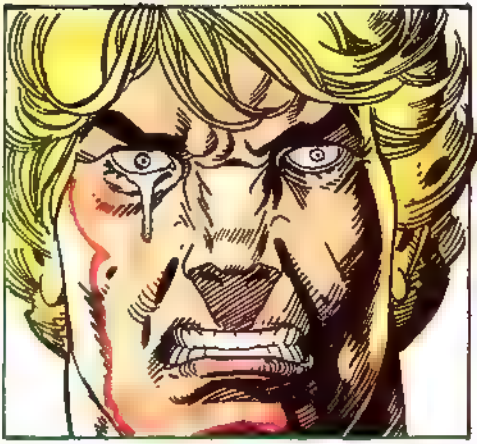
He clutched at his chest, his heart about to burst: he knew what was happening.

But it could not be!

He worked the manual override controls, slowing the ship's speed to the LAT minimum, taking them back down toward Illum's night-bound surface. The *Wing* bumped along, riding the rising heat waves.

◊ **rear screen** ◊

Eight yellow blips in a W-formation had suddenly appeared on the rear viewer, traveling at tremendous velocity and gaining



on them even as he watched. Flan fired an energy decoy. The blips turned to follow it. His burning eyes returned to the fearful vision which was rushing closer and closer.

Beams of light came streaking up at them from the invisible desert floor as the ground-based batteries tried to bracket them. The *Wing* sailed on.

◊ **we are too low - there is a step-laser bank down there** ◊

Ignoring PEW's warning, Flan adjusted the magnification, fixing on the City.

His agonized cry shattered the cockpit's silence: his hands rose to blot out the horrific sight.

But it remained, coming nearer, the fiery panorama in clear detail, burning itself forever into his heart and into his soul.

Ringed round by the war wheels and the other awesome machines of destruction, the Place Royale was dying. Tremendous explosions sent entire sections of the structure high into the air. Forceglass and steel flowed together in molten rivers which spilled into the streets far below. Those graceful, needlelike towers were toppling, blowing outward in millions of glittering fragments, each one mirroring the flames that devoured them. Crimson-lit murk obscured most of the holocaust – but in that timeless instant Flan Oros Sunheart knew what was dying inside him.

The House of Sunheart was falling before his very eyes.

His mother's tears –

"NO! NO! NO! NO!" he kept shaking his head in denial. "No! They can't all be gone!"

PEW took the controls from the helpless youth. The horror disappeared beneath them. They soared out over the western basin.

To be continued ...

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 JUNE, 1977 Iron Space Plants, the mechanisms of Control + Dark and Bloody Ground + Sundays on Earth, from the world-wide Fantasy novel The Sword of Shannara. Marvels and more ($5.00)

HM #2 JULY 1977 Introducing Pegas, the one and only pegasus. Virgo, the universe's most feminine astronaut. Conquering Aliens, the ultimate diet to lose weight. Plus the Surgeon and Dark Conquest ($4.00)

HM #3 AUGUST, 1977. Fashion Angel images, jewelry by Donna Lawless. Rocket, Kenyans was mysterious by Duncan Nichols (Hitchhiker). The flashy painted Ships: the best Models of Steve + Mark Rogers more than Danger and Intrigue ($3.00)

HM #4 JULY, 1977. is a must for Monkees fans with 12 pages of Mike, and then a 4 page saga, the Long Tomorrow, also the saga of Surgeon Luther, adventures of Evan the psychic hog. Sexy and the nonsense Dark Queen ($3.00)

HM #5 AUGUST, 1977. In which the saga of Arkansas begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes, Alpha Agent and Dark Conquest. All about Lasers, beauty, puppets, pin, and Hollywood ($3.00)

HM #6 SEPTEMBER, 1977. Galactic pirates, Aardvarks, Psionic Daughters, Space calls the ancient saints + shadows leads more + more World Agent Dark and Forever, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3.00)

HM #7 OCTOBER, 1977 Pegasus and Angels issues, 48 pages, making reincarnation and other romantic problems. 10 pages of color Monkees and Jennifer Darling. Dark Side Research, erotica, and Shor by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

HM #8 NOVEMBER, 191 . . . With new color pages by Monkees and Rampage, the conclusions of Dark Presence and World Apart, 10 pages, Hallowe'en Parties, Dark and Death stars, and a great New Musical Theater piece. and we promise heavily illegal pot ($3.00)

HM #9 DECEMBER, 1977. This time even up to 104 pages to bring you the Monkees' saga of Davy Jones' home, Mike + our great Icon Gene Encounters of the Weird Kind, and Forever Free by Chapman and Wrath in addition to full color centerpieces from regulars Carmen, Maureen, Christine and Monkees ($3.00)

HM #10 JANUARY, 1978. We got Monkees to sing in the Lavatory, we got cats and Monkees to conduct Laymen, we got Monkees to do a Mickey Mouse Cartoon, we got Monkees Conquering Aliens, and coming soon Dark Conquest, you know about the Incas flag fight, and the time issues ($3.00)

HM #11 FEBRUARY, 1978. Whereas Davy's the new adventures of Barbarella, Yondu is the beloved pet, Peter to the Invisible, and of course the Fast-Growing Pumpkin. Whereabouts Unknown, and a certain species by Nine. A new Dr. Strange, the Crusader, and the Witch and Wizard shown the Watchmen. Read the whole issue or no Dark ($3.00)

HM #12 MARCH, 1978 — In which we learn the story of each Punky, escape plans of which of the problems to make do not, and the dangers of electricity. Plus the Eye Transplanting episode in Chaos. More Barbarella, Below Dark, and last minute Dark ($3.00)

HM #13 APRIL, 1978. Our one year anniversary issue with 32 page insert from Monkees' Film of Destruction! Also, what the Kirby Angels have been up to, Watchmen, Masked Marauders, more Dark Oz, and the secret comments, and oops! Here ($3.00)

HM #14 MAY, 1978. Does anyone like Nazi stories? Eternal guns + planes on a narrow ship + a terrified crew + enemy and beware the Headhunters, with Neal Adams to replace Chaos and Barbarella. ($3.00)

HM #15 JUNE, 1978. The time we go to Mars for Visiting, the quest and Demon Slayer, and the parasite. Evolution, the answer. More than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the private Thief Chronicle, and an issue of Jack Kirby Monsters of Metaluna ($3.00)

HM #16 JULY, 1978. A happy ending in Barbarella, a sad ending in 1999, the adventures of Doctor's Dad, the space adventures of Hellstorm and Chaos Wars Three Human Beings, and another piece of the Kaggash empire from Captain ($3.00)

HM #17 AUGUST 1978. Lions are more of the same and Color Creatures Another Mighty Hellstorm and the old New Shah Human. Except Chaos!! Dark Side Research, the Oh Scrapes some Cannibal Kings go medieval, and somebody finally crushes the Spiderman ($3.00)

HM #18 SEPTEMBER, 1978 Starring Barbarella the Space Pirate! Queen of the Galaxy Wizard, the Magic Sorcerer, and Spaceship Adventures. Includes the Vampire Hellstorm Origin and Lone Shark on Dark Human Beings + issues full of issues. Plus in-betweenie pages and whatnots ($3.00)

HM #19 OCTOBER, 1978. As Hallowe'en draws closer and our energy runs Down . . . we . . . the Dubbie, Age of Angels, 8 terrified people called Everywhere Around, Blues and Dark Human and the issue of Mr. Mxyzptlk and So Dangerous, Monsters + Metaluna + Mutants + Planet Out and Dark ($3.00)

HM #20 NOVEMBER, 1978 A full 20 page excerpt from the Chaplin Fabiolo Empire, while Barbarella + Major explodes the Exterminator escapes. Scenic issues to see the Sad Man + Lady bears. Uncool project, so our one and only issue is subject for the Year and So Beautiful and So Dangerous, Monsters + Metaluna + Mutants + Planet Out and Dark ($3.00)

HM #21 DECEMBER, 1978 Hurray it's Crystal Empire time! Barbarella, the Zombies and Sinclair and Blake + Dr. Strangelove and the Dangerous Mars Adventure and Star Maidens plus another issue and no Menaces to society, no issues, and Lone Galactic Group alone. Then there story of Jack Kirby's Mister Miracle. Maybe Next ($3.00)

HM #22 JANUARY, 1979 Happy Days of Chaplin's Adventure Years by Fantagraphic, as Jason Agent Angels protects the Mighty Empire + and then there's Neal Adams and Superman ($3.00)

HM #23 APRIL, 1979 Beyond Fantasy Earth with Chaplin + Jack Kirby . . . about time we Neal Adams portfolio, no Majestic . . . Time Out, the Time Raiders of Phobos, Made by Arthur Lower Ghost Town, robotic new generation and other goodies for you. ($3.00)

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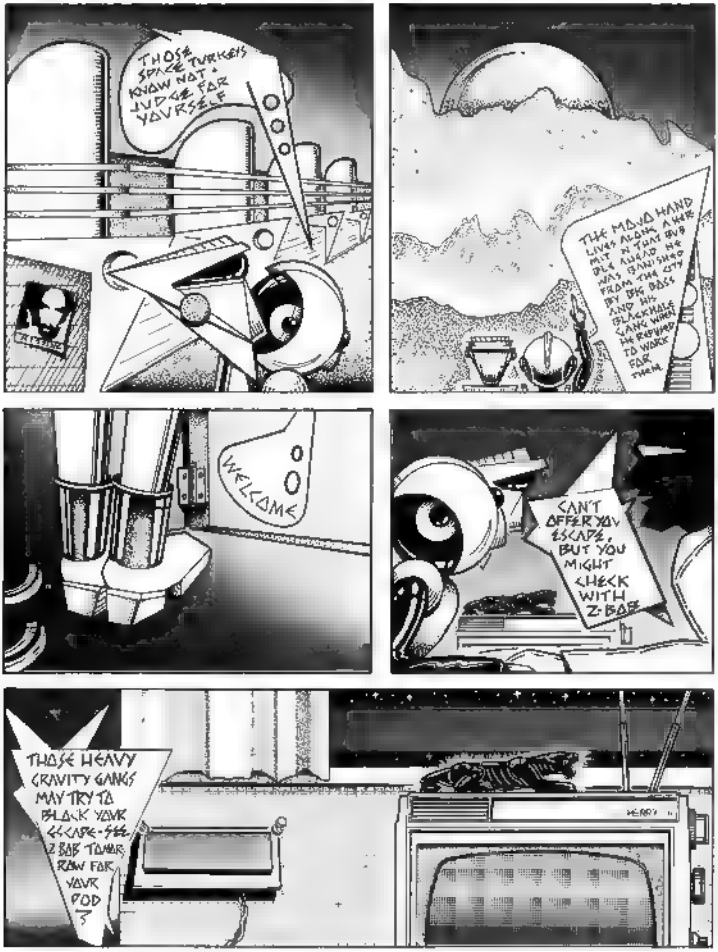
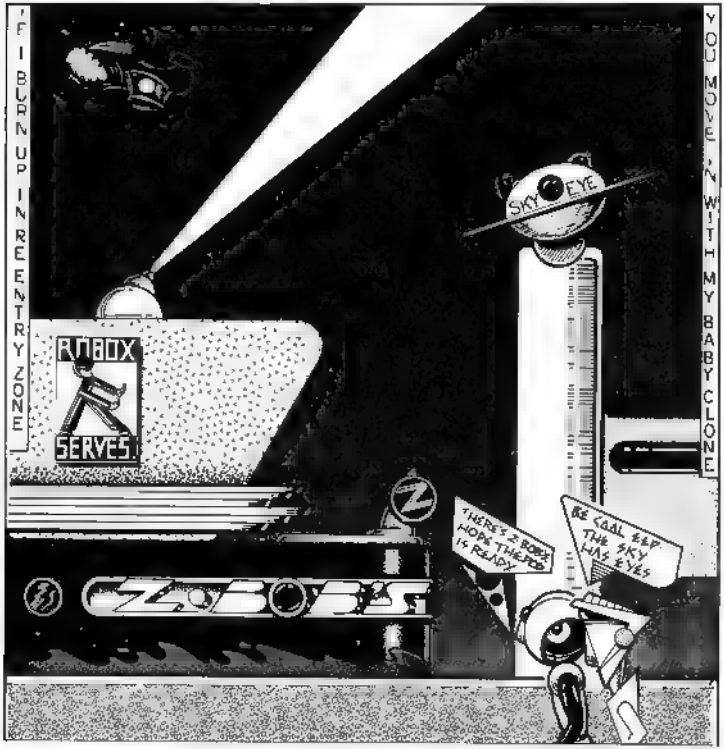
FLY KADOTA
WORDS & PICTURES BY J M CHERRY
ALIENS STAY HOME
EEP
Z BOB
BO.NK
NO BEATECH
DRAWN BY A YOUNG MAN
FOR YOUNG MEN & WOMEN
Cherry

WHERE TOM PROW COMES FIRST
PLUTO KADOTA
OUR STORY OPENS IN A FORGOTTEN ALLEY IN A FORGOTTEN BACK STREET WHICH LAY HIDDEN IN THE DARKNESS OF THE DOMED CITY OF PLUTO KADOTA
BY TOM PROW
THAT CHARLENE'S KINDA CUTE
NOSE TWO AIN NEVER GONNA WAKE T
I AIN'T NO READY BRAINS PLUTO WITHOUT HIS BOSS'S OK
WHY NO GET THINKS
OH AH WE EVER TOLD YOU HOW MUCH YOU RESEMBLE YOUR OL' BEARD MASTER?
GOT WORD FROM THE MOB HAND! HE HAS AN ESCAPE PLAN FOR US
YAH SURE, HE'S COOL? SAY EVERYBODY SAY THE MAN'S A FOOL!

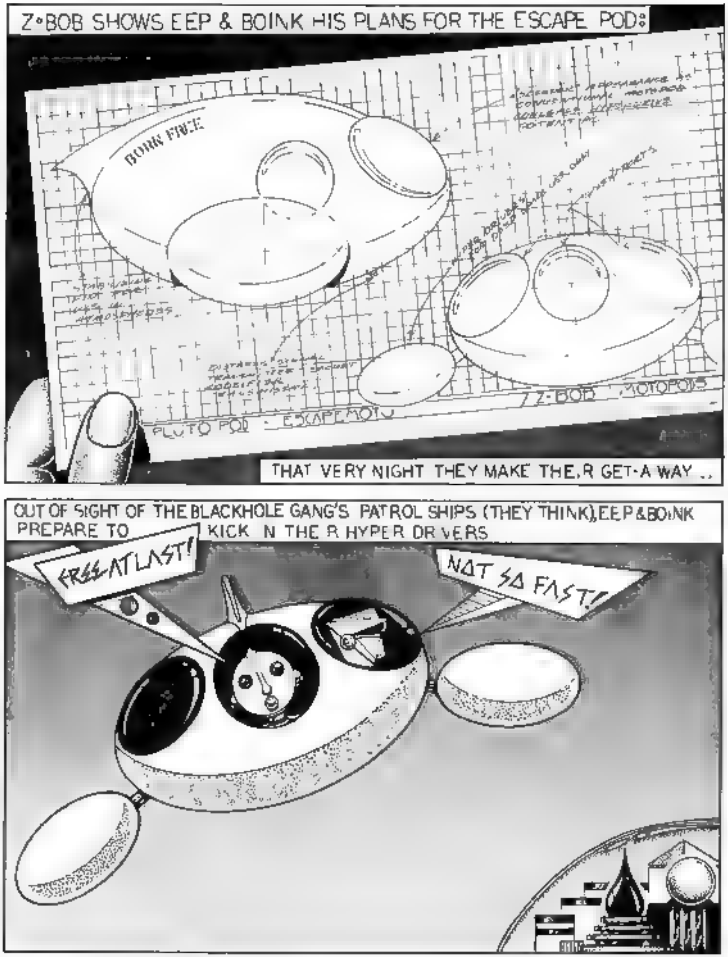

THOSE SPACE TURKEYS KNOW NOT FAR JUDGE FAR YOURSELF
THE MOVO HAND LIVES ALONE, A HERMIT IN THAT BUT ONLY LIKE HE WAS BANISHED FROM THE CITY BY THE BOSS AND HIS BLACKMALE GANG WHEN HE REFUSED TO WORK FOR THEM
WELCOME
CAN'T OFFER YOU ESCAPE, BUT YOU MIGHT CHECK WITH Z-BOB
THOSE HEAVY GRAVITY GANGS MAY TRY TO BLOCK YOUR ESCAPE-USE Z BOB TOWER RAW FOR YOUR POD 3

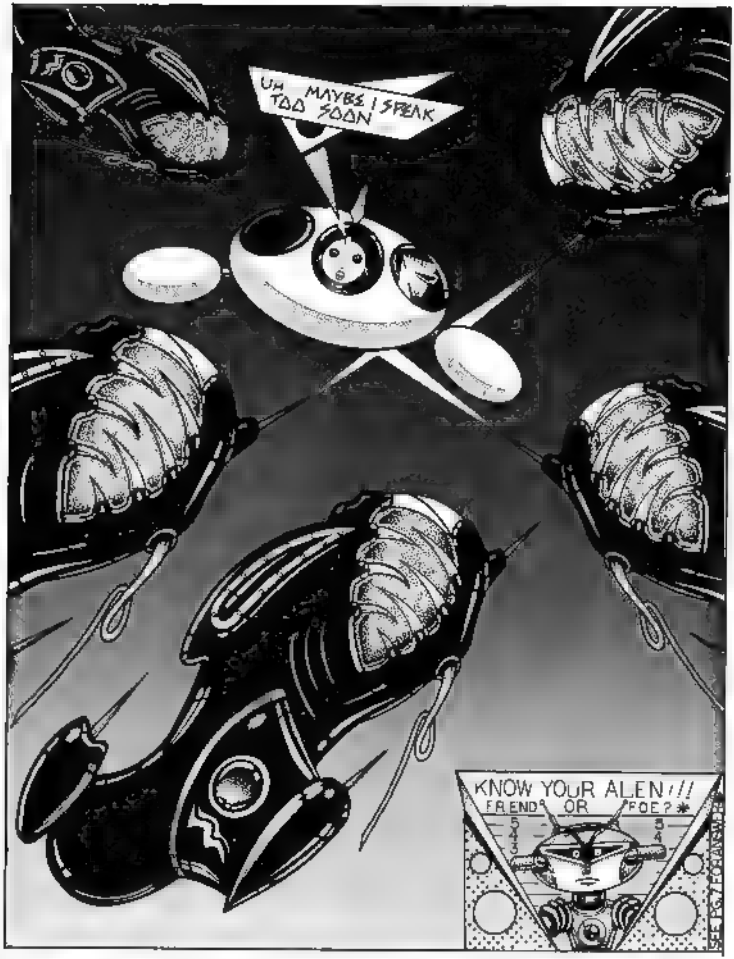

IF I BURN UP IN REENTRY ZONE
YOU MOVE IN WITH MY BABY CLONE
SKY EYE
R.I.P. BOX
SERVES
THERE'S A BODY HOPE THERE'S READY
BE COOL KEEP THE SKY HAS EYES
ZOBOTS

SUBJECT
BLACKHOLES

DATABANK:

THE TERM WAS CO NED N 1969 BY JOHN WHEELER OF PRINCETON. BLACK HOLES MAY BE THE REMAINS OF COLLAPSED STARS COMPRISED OF INFINITELY DENSE MATTER, HAVING GRAVITY SO GREAT THAT NO LIGHT CAN ESCAPE THEIR SURFACES. ACCORDING TO EINSTEIN'S THEORY, TIME AND SPACE CEASE TO EXIST IN A BLACK HOLE'S CENTER...DATABANK TRANSMISSION OVER.....

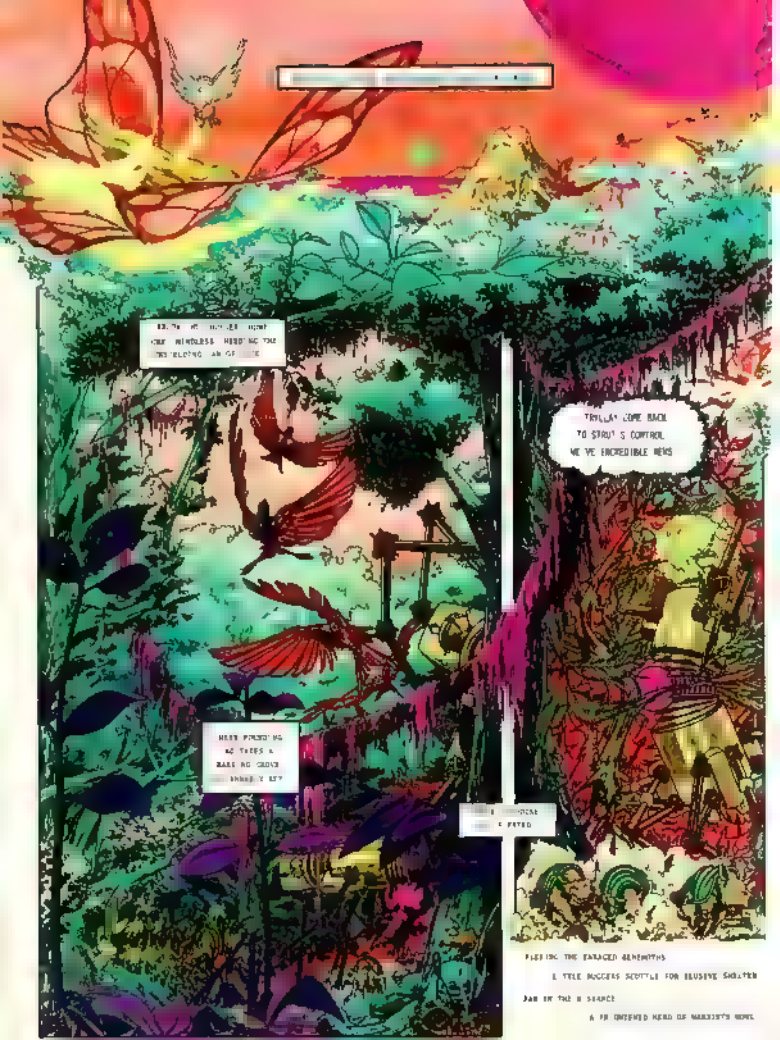

Z-BOB SHOWS EEP & BOINK HIS PLANS FOR THE ESCAPE POD:
BORN FREE
PLUTO POD - ESCAPE MOD
Z-BOB MOTOPODS
THAT VERY NIGHT THEY MAKE THEIR GET-A WAY ..
OUT OF SIGHT OF THE BLACKHOLE GANG'S PATROL SHIPS (THEY THINK), EEP & BOINK PREPARE TO KICK IN THE HYPER DRIVERS
FREE AT LAST!
NOT SO FAST!


UH MAYBE I SPEAK TOO SOON
KNOW YOUR ALEN!!!
FRIEND OR FOE?*

HIT BY THE DISLOCATOR BEAMS FROM THE BLACK HOLE GANG PATROL SHIPS, EEP & BOINK GET REALLY LOOSE

ANSWER TO PG. 6 :(ALIEN QUIZ). NEITHER. HE BASICALLY JUST DOESN'T GIVE A FIG.

AS THE COSMOS WOULD HAVE IT, EEP & BOINK DRIFT, IN THEIR SEPARATED COMPONENT STATE, INTO A STASIS ZONE BETWEEN TWO BLACK HOLES WHERE THEY DO THE TIGHTEN-UP INTO THEIR TOGETHER SELVES ☆☆
SHAKE MY TUNER, BOINK! STUCK HERE INSIDE A STASIS WITH THE BLACK HOLE BLUES AGAIN!
...BUT I THOUGHT ESCAPE MEANT FREEDOM!
Cherry

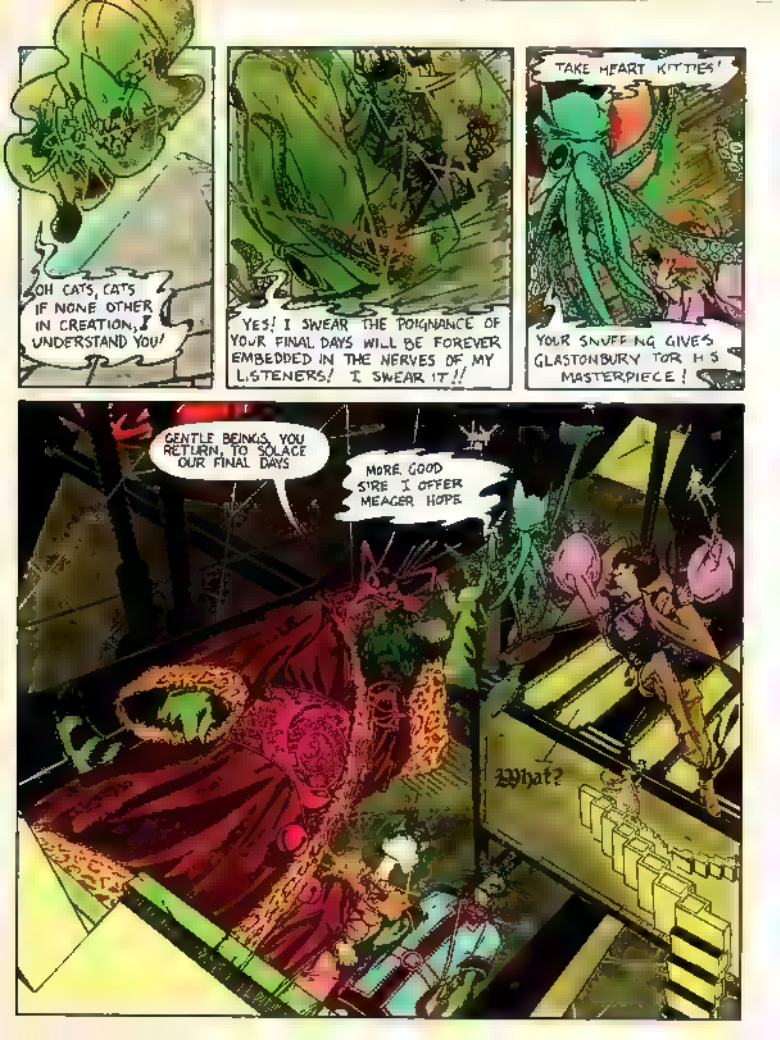

TRILLA'S COME BACK
TO STRUT'S CONTROL
WE'VE INCREDIBLE NEWS
HERD PUSHING
AS TREES &
RAGE AS GROVE
FLEEING THE ENRAGED BEHEMOTHS
A TELE RUGGERS SCUTTLE FOR ELUSIVE SHELTER
DAM ON THE A SEANCE
A FB UNTENDED HERD OF HARRIOTT'S HOME

entropic
CREATED / WRITTEN
MARK ARNOLD
VISUAL CONCEPTS
W. MARSHALL ROGERS
THEY MUST BE ORGANIC! THEY FALL TO THE PLANT'S THC GAS!
LORD STRU' S MADE A FABULOUS DISCOVERY
STRU??
WHA?ON
OH, YES MARVELOUS NEWS! WONDERFUL! THE SUN S GOING NOVA!
Oh, really?
MORE L KE TEN CALCULATIONS A BIT OFF, DON'CH'A KNOW ?
ANYWAY WE MUST GO WATCH!
why?
Oh, Trylla! For a faerie, you're so blasé. We really should see the old dear off !

THEN WHY ARE THEY MADE OF MACHINE OIL AND REBO SPRINGS ?
well? that's so vital
M. RYLLA TRYLLA Y'G MUS HEAR
AREN'T YOU TWO LEEP?
but, which sun?
OURS, TRYLLA, OURS! OLD SOL!
Old Sol?
SURELY YOU RELAL THE FIRST ONE WE ORB TEC WAY BACK WHEN?
oh, that SOL
Has it been 5,000,000,000 years already?
What about Pikte and Glastonbury Tor?
CHARMING! CLASS! STYLISH! WE'RE ALL AGREED!
Hmph! THEM! They insist on staying to watch some dreary little planet freeze to death
YOUR EYES SO DREADFULLY INTENSE WHEN HE'S SUPPOSING AND POOR PILATE SAT LE LOOK NG FOR HIS ONE TRUE

-Love. That Love Aeternal, Tor, that didst not Elude me; which Lack in Longing, tor- -men- -ted my Soul; is ended!
I Have Now Foun' Her--
---She is my Onlie!
Our Passion kindles e'en the Dying stars!
YAH, SO Y'WANNA SHACK UP WIT'A SIX TITTIED CATGIRL B.C SHIT.
Zounds I'd wot thee anon an artist and a friend! T'art Passing Shallow!
THEN CHANGE UP THE WEE NOBLE STOUT
LEAVE US BE OFF DAWARD AND OUTBOARD
THIS OFF TO CHRISTMAS MORNING & THE PRODIGAL FRIEND IS HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

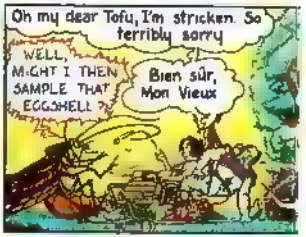
"Shallow," MY UNCLE'S HAIRY ASSHOLE!
LISTEN YOU TWIT, YOU'RE TOO BRAINLESS TO SENSE THE TRAGIC BEAUTY OF THIS WORLD
LOOK! LOOK - THAT'S NO ICE CUBE --IT'S A SHROUD, MADE OF AIR!
THAT PINNACLE-- THE TIP OF A PYRAMID FIFTY MILES HIGH!
GOD, ONCE THIS WAS A CULTURE SO GRAND THAT THEY COULD EXIST ON PURE COSMIC FORCE!
A PEOPLE THAT MIGHT HAVE RIVALED US IN IMMORTALITY! TO BE BOUNCED FROM ORBIT BY THEIR LIFELESS, UNGRATEFUL MOONS, FINALLY BETRAYED BY THE SAME SWEET AIR THAT GAVE THEM LIFE.
AND WHAT ARE THEY NOW? A PITTANCE OF PERISHING PUSSYCATS, ENTOMBED IN THEIR GOLDEN CITIES, AN ENTIRE SPECIES INTERRED ALIVE, WATCHING THEIR ATMOSPHERE FREEZE AND FREEZE AND BURY THEM.

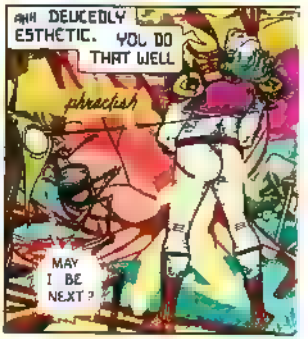

OH CATS, CATS IF NONE OTHER IN CREATION, I UNDERSTAND YOU!
YES! I SWEAR THE POIGNANCE OF YOUR FINAL DAYS WILL BE FOREVER EMBEDDED IN THE NERVES OF MY LISTENERS! I SWEAR IT!!
TAKE HEART KITTIES!
YOUR SNUFFING GIVES GLASTONBURY TOR HIS MASTERPIECE!
GENTLE BEINGS, YOU RETURN, TO SOLACE OUR FINAL DAYS
MORE GOOD SIRE I OFFER MEAGER HOPE
What?

PLEASE, SIR, WE NEED NO FALSE COMFORT WELL DO WE SEE THE END-- AS THE AIR CONCEALS OVER OUR REDOUBT, THE COSMIC ENERGY WILL STOP, THE WORLD HEART FAIL, AND WITH IT, FORFEIT OUR LIVES
SIRE, YOUR PEOPLE SHALL OUTLIVE YOUR WORLD. WE CAN TAKE A YOUNG COUPLE BACK WITH US TO @ THEY CAN RELOCATE, AND KEEP YOUR RACE ALIVE!
But, Tor, Tor--
--Thou hast not Asked the Others!
TRUST ME, PILATE! THE OTHERS'LL APPROVE, AND YOU CAN BRING YOUR GIRLFRIEND!
WHY WHY... GLORIOUS SOUD, WORDS FAIL ME! WHAT A GREAT AND KIND PEOPLE TO MAKE THIS GESTURE
TRUE CHOOSE A COUPLE YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER, PERHAPS, AND HER BETROTHED THE FINEST OF YOUR RACE
OH, SOUL! SOUL! YOU LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS!
AND YOUR LEGACY YOUR HISTORY, ART, TREASURES. WE'LL TAKE THOSE TOO
PILATE AND I WILL STAY WITH YOU TILL THE END
BUT WHY ARE YOU SO KIND?
I HAVE PLEDGED THAT YOUR PEOPLE'S MEMORY SHALL NOT DIE.
BUT WHY?

You've outdone yourself, Amplitude. It's too perfect!
VERY TRADITIONAL FARE
PASS THE ANTS PLEASE
THE HOLLANDAISE SAUCE, AMP, C'EST MAGNIFIQUE!
DE R QUER DE R QUER!

We've been here a year now. I wish the sun would get on with it!
NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL.


Oh my dear Tofu, I'm stricken. So terribly sorry
WELL, MIGHT I THEN SAMPLE THAT EGGSHELL?
Bien sûr, Mon Vieux


AH DELICATELY ESTHETIC. YOU DO THAT WELL
phracfish
MAY I BE NEXT?

OH MY, I WAS GOING TO ASK FOR THAT ORANGE PEEL

Anyone for fellatio? I'd think this a fine setting for a most formal tryst
WOULDN KNOW I SPOKE
WELL, I'M GAME.

WAIT, LOOK UP THE END HAS

COME. I'LL ESCORT YOUNG LOCHINVAR TO THE TIP PILATE, YOU CHAPERON OUR EVE AND LILITH
GREAT BEINGS, WITH OUR PRAYERS WE BID YOU ADIEU
THE HONOR IS OURS. GOODBYE MAY YOUR UNENDING REST BE QUENCHED BY SWEET DREAMS
Come, Good Ladies. Weep Not -- but Seek For the Bright Tomorrows.

IT'S PERFECT! THE CLIMAX OF MY SYNAPTIC ORATORIO!!
THE LAST SHATTER NG OF HOPE AS THE INEXORABLE TRUTH OF UNIVERSAL ENTROPY DESCENDS!
Vulgar, Pimp
iff
I'll ne'er
Gods, no!! Doomed!!
AHH, GAD I RESPECT
AHH, THE WAY
AHH- YOU MAMMALS COPULATE!

IT'S PERFECT! THE CLIMAX OF MY SYNAPTIC ORATORIO!
THE LAST SHATTERING OF HOPE AS THE INEXORABLE TRUTH OF UNIVERSAL ENTROPY DESCENDS!
What ?-- tly promised succ--
IN MY MUSIC, YOU STUPID JERKOFF! JEEZ, WE'D BE BORED BY LITTERS OF KITTENS INSIDE THIS CENTURY. THIS IS THE ONLY REAL, ONLY ARTISTIC TRUTH!
NOW--
--THE FINAL PASSAGE!!!
SPROING
THE PENILE EXTENSORS!!
Pulgar, Pulgar
Sexist, execrable lout
ff f! f!
I, for one, Shall Not attend the performance of this monstrous
ARR UNH UNH OH CHRIST, YOU SIMP
WHAT'TH HELL ELSE S SHE GOOD FOR?
NO ONE UNDERSTANDS ME, THE ANGUISH I SUFFER FOR MY ART!!!
I'll ne'er relinquish Thee to Pon Fou
Werli escape, Mine Love, the dire Retribution shall Be my Lot!
AHH, GAD I RESPECT
AHH, THE WAY
..AHH - YOU MAMMALS COPULATE!
Gods, no!! Doomed!!
Stuck in Ice as flies in Amber!
My power avails me naught!
But I Must win free!
For her! For my Love!
I will!
I Must!

What ?-- thy promised succ--
IN MY MUSIC, YOU STUPID JERKOFF! JEEZ, WE'D BE BORED BY LITTERS OF KITTENS INSIDE THIS CENTURY. THIS IS THE ONLY REAL, ONLY ARTISTIC TRUTH!
NOW --
-- THE FINAL PASSAGE!!!
SPROING
THE PENILE EXTENSORS!!
I, for one, shall not attend the performance of this
ARR UNH UNH OH CHRIST, YOU SIMP
WHAT'TH HELL ELSE IS SHE GOOD FOR?
NO ONE UNDERSTANDS ME, THE ANGUISH I SUFFER FOR MY ART!!!
Stuck in Ice as flies in Amber!
My power avails me naught!
But I Must win free!
For her! For my Love!
I will!
I Must!

AN INSTANT

HELICON DONE.

VENUS A BURNING
CLOD OF SPIT

TEN MINUTES AND
MARS IS AGAIN DEAD.

THEN JUPITER AND SATURN
BOIL AS ONE ICE DROPPED
ON BLACK RIBS AND

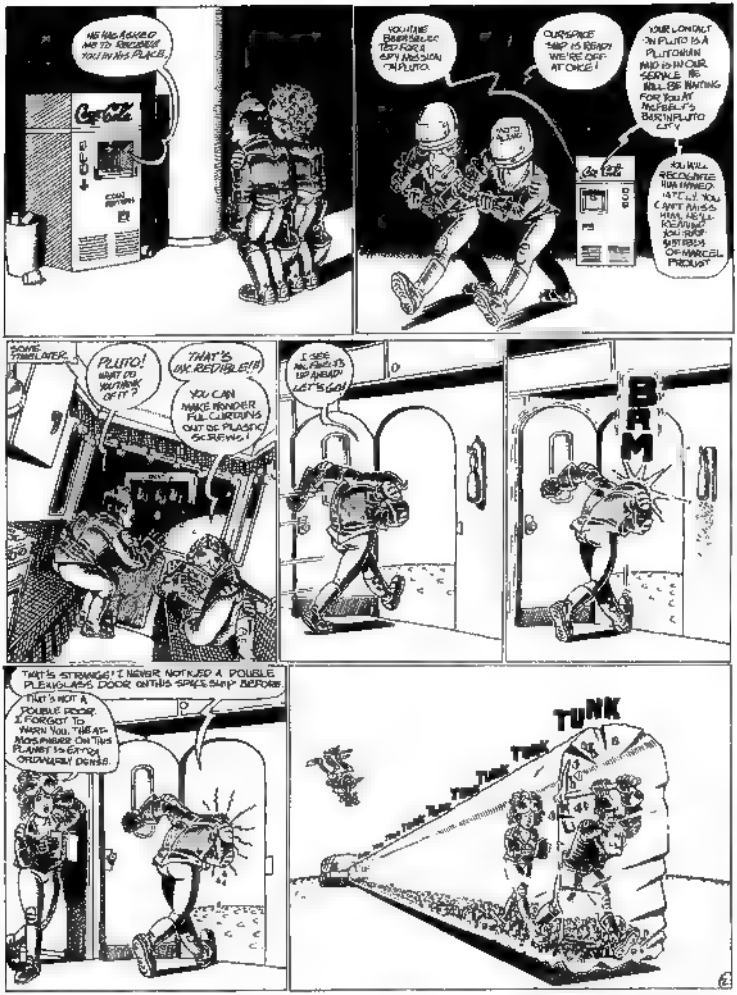
SUFFICIENT A LITTLE YEARS OF STRUGGLE CONT
IN THAT ISOLATED, HELPLESS STRAIN.

I've seen killer
But, my dear, the sweet sent mental value of it A minor work of art, surely
ENCORE ENCORE
CLICK CLICK
CLICK
IT WAS BEEN FUN
THUP THUP
CLICK
Oh, excuse me it's the grand
THE POETRY OF IT THE DYING SUN, ENERGIZING OUR QUARKNET - LIKE SMOKING CREMATION ASHES.
ALL IN ALL, A MOST SPLENDID OUTING.

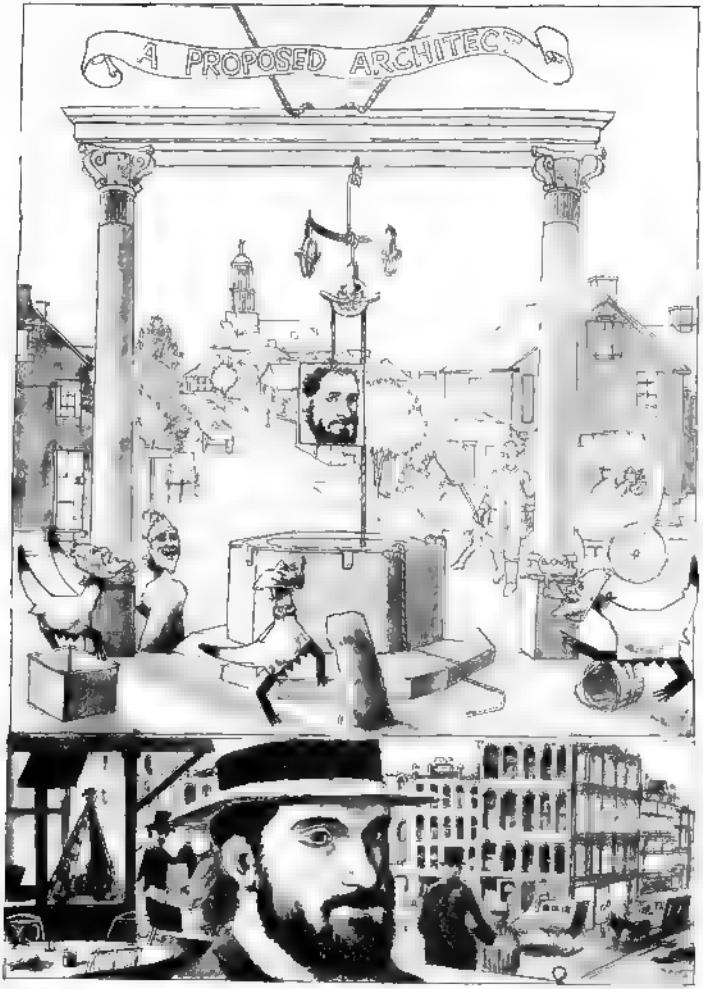
Salvation!
'Tis O!
Behold, my Dearest, this Fine Bonnie Sloop. 'Tis my Sanctuarie!
We'll dwell in Beauty—
Forsaking the past...
My Love! What ails Thee?
You Ass
Tor?

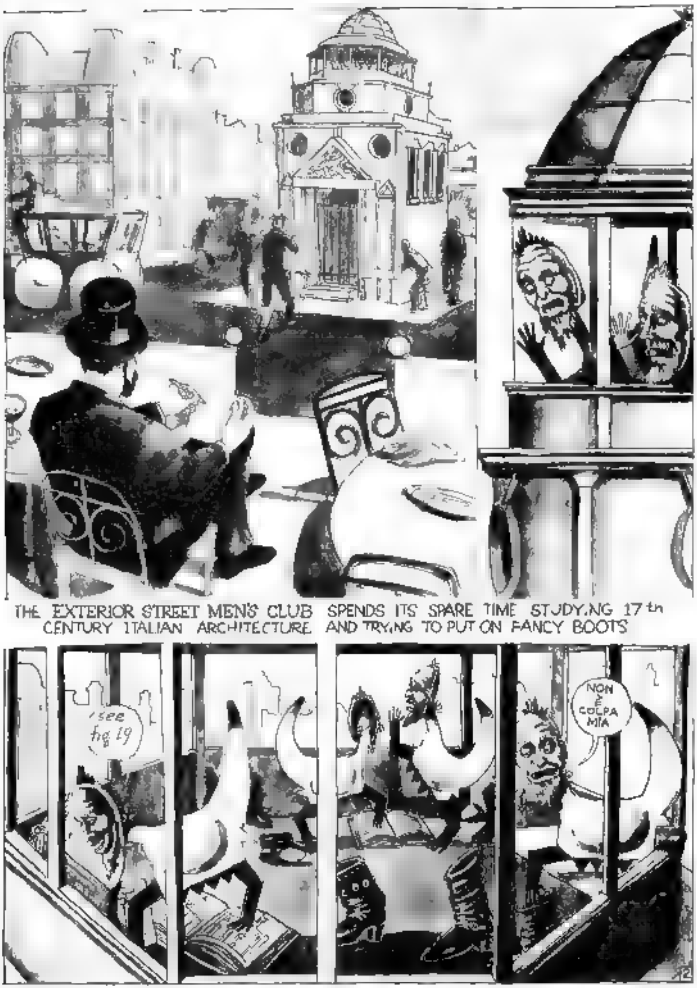
JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN SURVIVE ANY ATMOSPHERE...
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE ON THAT PLANET A YEAR, AND NEVER NOTICED THE AIR WAS METHANE AMMONIA
ME DOST MEAN THAT THOU HAST POISONED HER, SHITHEAD! THE PUSSYCAT'S COULDN'T HAVE BREATHED O'S AIR!
PLATE - YOU REALLY ARE A TOOL.
Great Woe! My Heart Sinks! Despair! I shall ne'er Complete my Collection!
Oh, why must True Love ever Elude me? Undying Hate was so easy to find!
NOBODY EVER TOLD YOU TO COLLECT GREAT IDEALS
I e'en did Miss the death of the Sun. Mefears the Tape will Just Not be the Same!
Hallon, boys!
HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, JIGGETY JIG!
COME ON. THERE'S TRYLLA AND THE OTHERS.
LET'S SEE IF ST VIRGINIA'S IN THE MOOD TO BE SANDWICHED.
I'll learn, dear Tor--
--from this lesson most sad: "The Fates Do Guide Us For This Am I Glad!"
YAH.
SURE

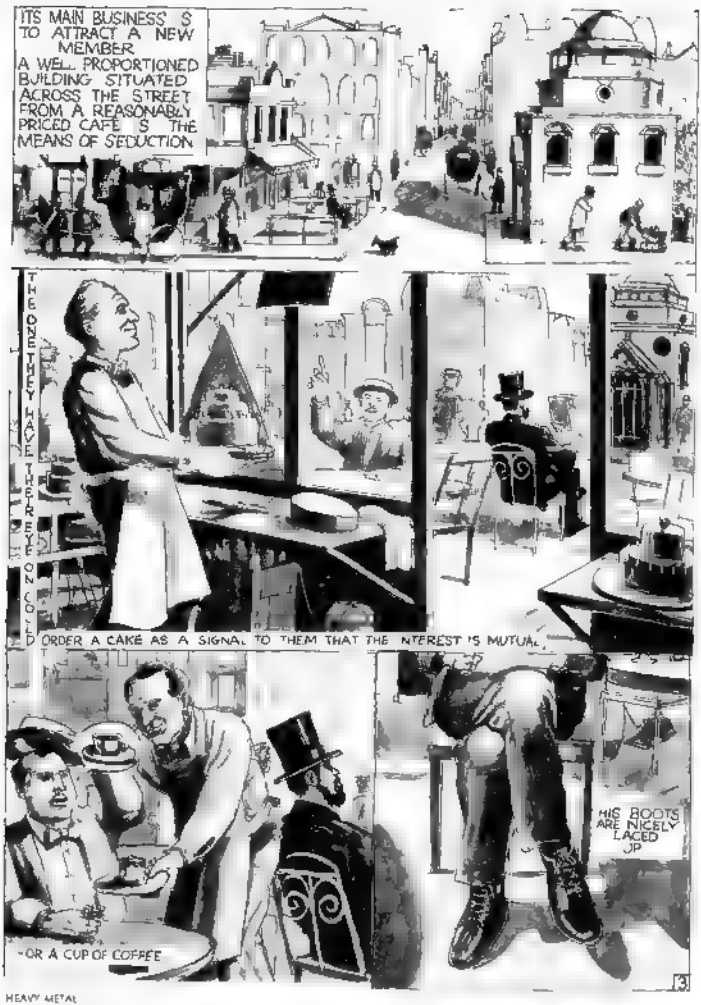
SPIES ON PLUTO!

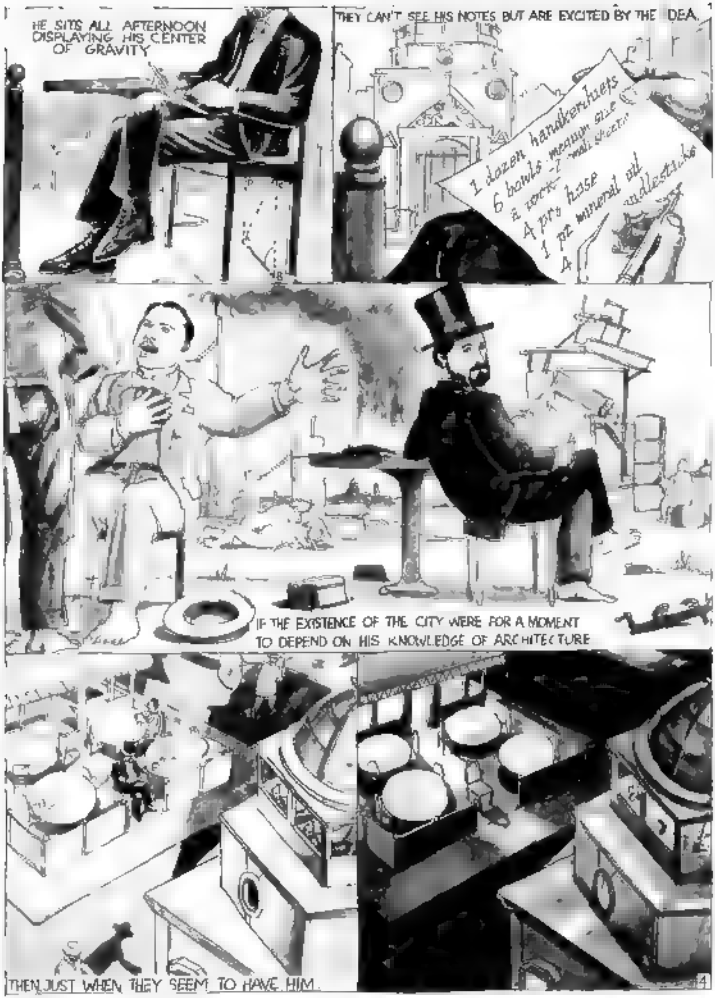

HE HAS ASKED ME TO RECORD IF YOU IN HIS PLACE.
YOU TIME BARBARIANS TEST FOR A SPY MISSION ON PLUTO.
OUR SPACE SHIP IS READY WE'RE OFF AT ONCE!
YOUR CONTACT ON PLUTO IS A PLUTONIAN WHO IS IN OUR SERVICE. HE WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT MCFEELY'S BAR IN PLUTO CITY.
YOU WILL RECOGNIZE HIM BECAUSE HE'LL BE READING YOUR FAVORITE AUTHOR OF MARCEL PROUST
SOME TIME LATER...
PLUTO! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE!!!
YOU CAN MAKE RAINDEER FUR CURTAINS OUT OF PLASTIC SCREWS!
I SEE MR. CHRISTS IS UP AHEAD! LET'S GO!
BAM
THAT'S STRANGE! I NEVER NOTICED A DOUBLE PLEXIGLASS DOOR ON THIS SPACE SHIP BEFORE.
THAT'S NOT A DOUBLE DOOR. I FORGOT TO WARN YOU. THERE MOSPHERE ON THIS PLANET IS EXTRA ORDINARILY DENSE.
TUNK
TUNK
TUNK
TUNK

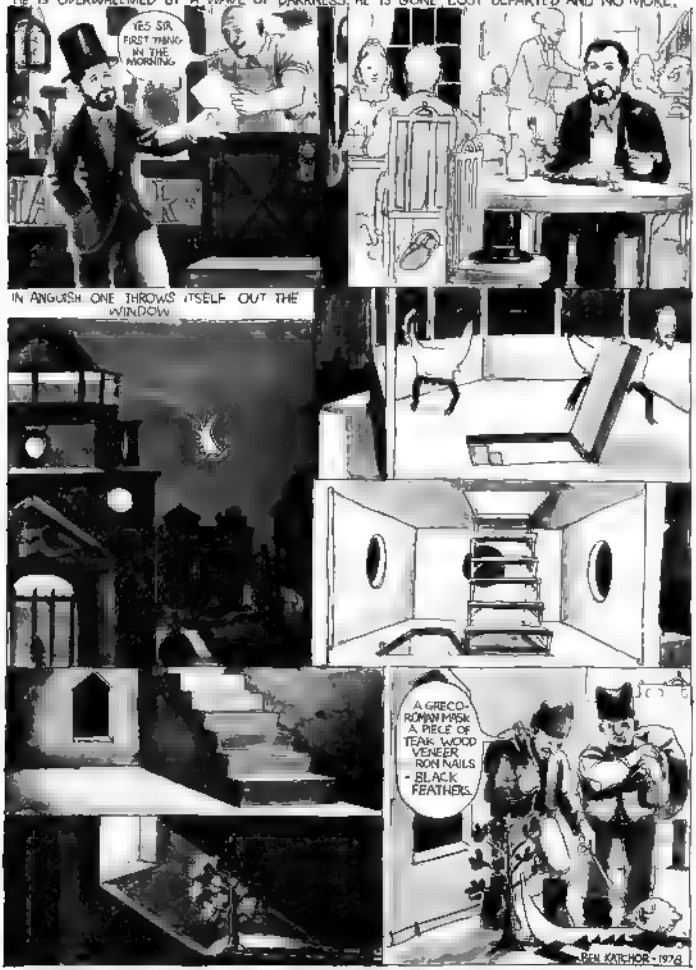
K TUNK TUNK TUNK...
GOOD!


A PROPOSED ARCHITEC

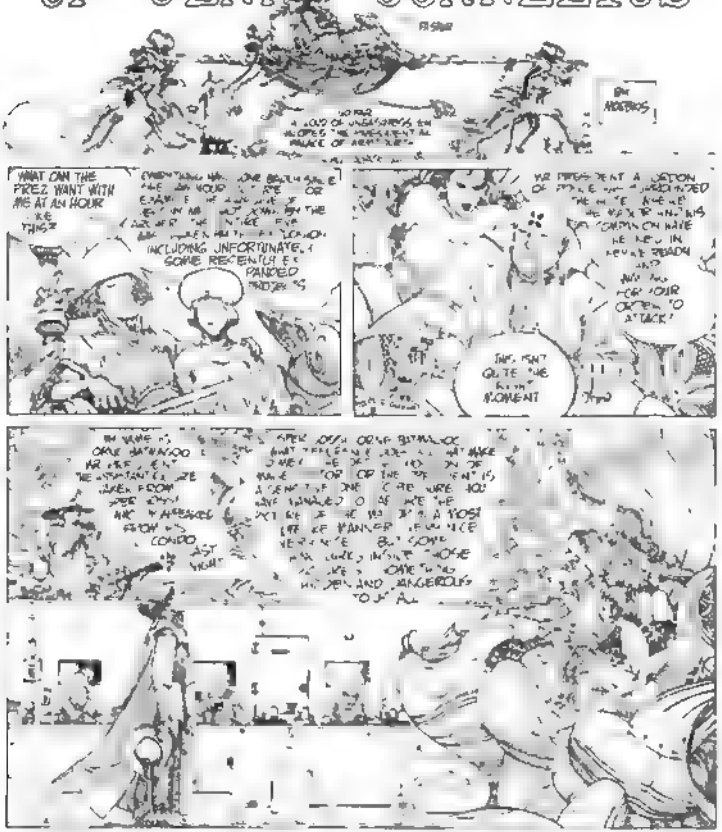

THE EXTERIOR STREET MEN'S CLUB SPENDS ITS SPARE TIME STUDYING 17th CENTURY ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE AND TRYING TO PUT ON FANCY BOOTS
I see fig 19
NON È COLPA MIA
12


ITS MAIN BUSINESS S TO ATTRACT A NEW MEMBER
A WELL PROPORTIONED BUILDING SITUATED ACROSS THE STREET FROM A REASONABLY PRICED CAFE S THE MEANS OF SEDUCTION
THE ONE THEY HAVE THEIR EYE ON COLD
ORDER A CAKE AS A SIGNAL TO THEM THAT THE NTEREST 'S MUTUAL
HIS BOOTS ARE NICELY LACED UP
-OR A CUP OF COFFEE
3


HE SITS ALL AFTERNOON DISPLAYING HIS CENTER OF GRAVITY
THEY CAN'T SEE HIS NOTES BUT ARE EXCITED BY THE IDEA.
1 dozen handkerchiefs
6 bowls
2 spoons
A pry hose
1 pt mineral oil
IF THE EXISTENCE OF THE CITY WERE FOR A MOMENT TO DEPEND ON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ARCHITECTURE
THEN JUST WHEN THEY SEEM TO HAVE HIM.
4


HE IS OVERWHELMED BY A WAVE OF DARKNESS. HE IS GONE LOST DEPARTED AND NO MORE.
YES SIR, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
IN ANGUISH ONE THROWS ITSELF OUT THE WINDOW
A GRECO-ROMAN MASK A PIECE OF TEAK WOOD VENEER IRON NAILS - BLACK FEATHERS
BEN KATCHOR - 1978

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JERRY CORNELIUS


WHAT CAN THE FREE WANT WITH ME AT AN HOUR LIKE THIS?
INCLUDING UNFORTUNATE, SOME RESENTFUL FANDED
THAT'S NOT QUITE THE RIGHT MOMENT

TO BE CONTINUED

Roger in the Womb

by Al Sarrantonio

When Mrs J's pregnancy came to term and nothing happened, the doctors told her not to worry. Mr J was instructed to keep a firm eye on her, and to rush her to the hospital as soon as labor pains began Assurances were given that this was not an uncommon thing.

When, after a further month passed and the baby, by all accounts still healthy and active in the womb, refused to be born, Mrs. J truly began to believe something was not right. The doctors, however—more of them, now—still held the opinion that there was no reason to be alarmed, and after a complete examination Mrs J was returned home to her bed and Mr J given instructions to keep an even firmer eye on her and to call the moment any sort of labor pains, no matter how tentative, began This time, there seemed to be a bit of worry and clinical interest mixed in with the reassurances.

Illustration by Roger Garland

At the twelfth month of pregnancy when the possibility of Mrs. J's body being poisoned by the continued presence of the fetus became acute, she was installed in the hospital and artificial inducement of labor was attempted, but to no avail. One doctor made the wry observation that the baby had "set up shop" there. Another doctor, not at all wryly, remarked that the baby did indeed seem to be resisting with unnatural vigor and that preparations for Cesarean section should be made. The fetus was still judged to be in perfect health.

Cesarean section was attempted, but the doctors attending were puzzled to find the abdominal area completely resistant to incision. After two scalpels were broken, radical measures were instituted; but the area surrounding the womb was impervious to violation. After five hours of continued frustrated effort the doctors retired to consultation, and a completely exhausted Mrs. J was awakened and given assurances Mr. J was sent home, his box of cigars yet unopened.

Repeated attempts were made during the next eight days to enter the womb and remove the baby. Numerous specialists were flown in from all points on the globe, various exotic and revolutionary methods employed—all to no avail. The baby continued to thrive, however, and Mrs. J despite the mental fatigue resulting from constant questioning by the doctors and nurses, remained in good health.

On the ninth day after forced birth had been attempted, an orderly interrupted a verbal tie meeting of all personnel on the case to announce that some sort of communication had been established with the fetus. The meeting immediately adjourned to Mrs. J's room. On arriving the staff was informed by the nurse on duty that, while making a routine medical check on Mrs. J, she had detected a series of tappings with her stethoscope that seemed to emanate from the womb. They appeared, she reported, to form some sort of pattern, although she had no idea what that pattern might be. The chief surgeon, on examining the womb area with his own stethoscope, quickly substantiated the nurse's claims by announcing that he, too, could hear what sounded like a series of measured tappings. A discussion ensued over what this could mean, the discussion quickly grew into a heated argument. Physical violence had nearly erupted when a young intern suddenly thrust his way to Mrs. J's bed and, after a few moments of concentrated listening with his own stethoscope, let it be known that the tappings were nothing more than a message communicated in Morse code. The message, he said, was simply, "I am staying in the womb."

A furor broke out. Within the hour, representatives from all the media were present at the hospital. Mr. J, not having been notified in the confusion, learned of the situation on the evening news.

After this breakthrough an attempt was made to contact the fetus as the chief surgeon proceeded to ask, in Morse code translated by the young intern, a series of complicated questions, to which there was no reply. After failed attempts by other highly placed doctors and officials, the young intern was put in charge. He immediately asked the fetus whether it was comfortable—and here ved the answer: yes. The fetus then declared it needed time for thought and would answer no more questions at he present time.

Despite constant attempts by the young intern to regain rapport, the fetus was entirely uncommunicative for the next several months. There was constant monitoring, and any potentially communicative sounds that were recorded outside the occasional sounds the fetus produced when it stretched or shifted to make itself more comfortable were scrupulously studied for a Morse code pattern, or even for the emergence of a new code. A four-day period of frantic activity, during which the monitoring team was sure they had recorded a message in a new code, turned out to be nothing more than the sounds made by the fetus suffering through a particularly noisy intestinal disorder.

During these months of silence the doctoral and professorial committees, which had naturally formed, grappled furiously with new theories and ways to handle the various dilemmas that had arisen. There were uncountable social and religious implications in the event, as well as scientific and medical questions to be answered. There was continued debate on how to handle the problem medically. Papers and theses abounded.

Meanwhile, the fetus continued to develop. Remarkably, Mrs. J sustained no discomfort during this period of fetus growth; though her midsection swelled to elephantine size she retained good humor and exhibited no signs of stress. She now inhabited a spacious suite in a little-used wing of the hospital, complete with a fluid-mattressed bed that was acoustically attuned to counteract the least ache and pain. Having been accustomed to little more than housework before her sudden notoriety, she found her present quarters comfortable and even preferable to home life. Constant entertainment was provided by a large-screen television over her head. Any food or beverage she required was instantly prepared. Mr. J, now fully cognizant of the situation, offered no resistance or complaint; he found his time taken up with various endorsements which had resulted from his family's celebrity. He also found himself burdened with the management of an income of considerable amount.

Finally two days before the deadline that had been imposed on the young intern by the chief surgeon, contact was re-established with the fetus. In a short message the fetus stated that it wished to be called Roger, and that there would be a statement the following Monday at 1:00 P.M.—or rather Roger refused to elaborate and repeated questioning was met with silence.

The following Monday the hospital was jammed to capacity with the media and spectators. Hospital security forces were totally inadequate and by 12:30 P.M. Mrs. J's private room and the hallways leading to it were completely filled with people.

At 1:00 P.M. there was an expectant hush; the fetus' statement began, and the young intern translated the tappings through Mrs. J's abdominal wall. The statement ran:

I want to thank all of you for your constant diligence and continued goodwill and most especially for providing me with the necessary accouterments for my continued development. My hat is tipped to you all.

No doubt you wonder what I am doing in here and most especially why I have refused to come out. These are valid points to raise and I intend to answer them.

Though you may have trouble believing me, and may scoff at my reasoning, or call me coward, the simple reason why I have not left the womb, and one that should have been immediately obvious to you—is that I do not want to leave. Life is safer and more secure here.

Now these are well-known facts about life in the womb. All of you went through the experience. I continue to go through, and all of you were thrust from that security after nine months and made to stand on your own against the cruel environment—physical and psychical—of the outside world. You thought there was no choice. You didn't know better.

Soon after gestation, I discovered that outside impressions experienced by my mother, Mrs. J, were filtering down to me in an understandable form. It may be that I was specially suited to receive these impressions but I think not; rather I suspect that all embryos and fetuses take in, to some degree, the sights, sounds, and even smells experienced by their carriers. I

suspect that due to some quirk of development or abnormally high intellectual sophistication for my age — was able to better interpret the deluge of sensory data flooding into my form. Thus I learned of the world.

During the first few weeks of pregnancy my mother Mrs. J. began to read romantic novels and watch violent television programs. Little of value was learned. For a period of time — from the fourteenth week through the twentieth — she embarked on a reading program covering all areas of birth and child care: a few popular medical and scientific works, and one psychology text of questionable merit. In the course of reading one of the popular medical texts she and I came upon the case of one Roger deCovernaire who resisted birth so successfully that he was not born until ten weeks after labor began. When birth finally ensued his mother — the Countess deCovernaire — succumbed, but Roger entered the world in perfect health and even to the ripe age of ninety. As a sidelight, it is interesting to note that his life's work was in the architectural design and building of railway tunnels.

It is from Roger deCovernaire that I take my name, at best a symbolic gesture since I have resisted birth far more successfully than he was able to. The fact is that the bleak medical views espoused in the literature read by Mrs. J conjoined with the world view presented by the romantic novels, television programs, and newscasts she assim ated strengthened my resolve to prevent if at all possible, my expulsion into the outer world. By yoking the knowledge gleaned from these few books with a few reasonable chemical and biological deductions, I was able to successfully prevent my release.

I will continue to do so.

I think you will agree with me that I have chosen the safer course. Since I may be considered a scientific and medical curiosity, it would be to your greater interest to continue to treat Mrs. J with the utmost deference and to provide her with every comfort. I intend to devote myself to the study of my environment — the womb — and to the processes that surround the conception and gestation of the human fetus.

I do have one request. At the completion of my nine month term, my access to Mrs. J's information and sensory systems was severed: a natural occurrence, no doubt, since at that time the fetus would normally be thrust into the outside world and begin to use its own sensory systems. Though this may be a natural and predictable event it leaves me as it were in the dark. I would ask that at the time in my physical development when I am able to accommodate certain aids for my continued study these items be provided. I will make ample provision for their passage to me. I thank you in advance.

There will be periodic communications from me. I will work out some sort of schedule with the young intern who has formed such an accommodating relationship with me — I'd like his superiors, if they are here, to take note of his achievements and to grant him the courtesy and advancement he deserves.

According to the neurologist Freud, whom I'm afraid I consider to be something of a buffoon, most if not all of you suffer from a repressed wish to return to the womb; if there are any truths in this belief I find it significant to note that I should herefore be able to avoid most if not all traumas of human existence since I have not left the womb in the first place.

That's all for the moment. If you'll excuse me, I'm tired.

There was a moment of stunned silence and then a sudden collective cheer went up from all those present. They were so delighted by the fantastic, carnival-like spectacle that they had witnessed that it took all of the security people aided by a good number of hospital staff to keep the crowd from lifting Mrs. J up over their heads, feet burden and all, and parading her around the room and out into the street. The media representatives were especially happy about the episode given the bounteful reportage possibilities it presented.

The young intern was, of course, immediately promoted and given a staff of his own. Things proceeded smoothly for Roger in the womb, and every four weeks hereafter he gave a short report and new observations. Mrs. J, who was now completely content with watching the television that was over her head, was providing more than enough materials than Roger needed to maintain his health and foster his growth, she was maintaining a huge protein and fat-rich diet that Roger had developed, and had assumed balloon-like proportions.

Despite constant and growing pressures from religious, cultural, political, medical, scientific, and media groups, Roger's privacy was strictly maintained by the young intern. Every two months a statement based on Roger's periodic reports was released to the press. The first few of Roger's statements were relatively pedestrian, dealing with such matters as the format for future pronouncements and the correct procedures involved. Then there followed a number of statements dealing with the womb itself: its structure and characteristics. An occasional message dealt with a physical characteristic of Roger at the age of one he discussed the impossibility of crawling in the womb; at the age of two-and-one-half the frustrations caused by the urge to walk counteracted the inhibiting characteristics of the placenta.

At the age of three Roger made his first request for materials, asking that a small reading lamp along with a copy of Spinoza's *Ethics* be passed in to him. Roger made room in the womb for these items, but had been waterproofed to resist the effects of amniotic fluid, and made provisions for them to be passed in, he did not, however allow the young intern (now young doctor) a view even brief of the womb. Other texts, among them works by Blake and a novel by Henry James (which was immediately passed out again) were soon requested; before long a constant supply of books flowed in and out of the womb. Roger went so far as to solicit a small pillow to prop his head up in order to make reading for long periods easier. It was discovered that Roger was a far sighted and reading glasses were designed through a long and complicated process, though the glasses in the end worked perfectly.

By the age of nine Roger found himself completely absorbed by the problems of conception, gestation, and birth; and he provided his young doctor-companion with long philosophical tracts on the nurturing, as well as the expulsion from the womb of the human fetus. He also provided detailed drawings rendered in a somewhat cramped style of the interior of the womb. He began to keep a notebook of his studies (water proofed, of course) and spoke glowingly of his progress.

Due to the secrecy surrounding Roger as well as to his meditative way of life the phenomenon of Roger in the womb had the status of a cultural event of ever-expanding and ever distorted proportions. The Cult of the Womb, a rapidly spreading movement which had formed shortly after Roger's first message was released, held Roger in near-deific esteem; its members lived most of their lives in artificial sac supportive womb structures, unhindered by thoughts of or contact with the outside world. Another cult, the Rogerites, a purely religious sect, declared Roger the unborn second son of God, and devoted their lives to a truly Byzantine set of devotions. Political, medical, and publishing groups were putting ever increasing pressure on him for time and attention.

A growing anti-Roger group was in evidence at this time, also. This company encompassed a wide spectrum of types. The general consensus among them was that Roger was either

the devil (in a super-fetal form) or at least an unworthy left-wing coward unable to face the world as it is. An attempt on Mrs. J's life was even made by one of the more bizarre sects of this assemblage.

During all this time the young doctor had successfully kept Roger shielded from the media and other groups, and had even resisted quite large sums of money in doing so. The press found themselves unable to meet a rabid demand for news and comment concerning Roger and were resorting to ever more imaginative and devious means to attempt to feed the public craving for information. One television celebrity even made his way into Mrs. J's room and attempted to deceive Roger by telling him in Morse code that he was the young doctor and that there were several matters that had to be dealt with immediately, among them the imparting of such information as Roger's views on a recent election and his favorite color.

Roger's monthly reports became increasingly esoteric. Suddenly he announced that there would be no more monthly communications, that he had embarked on a new and radical course in his studies involving the womb, and was searching for a synthesis of mystical and metaphysical concepts. The flow of books stopped, and the pillow and reading lamp were passed out of the womb. Roger kept only his notebook and a pencil, citing that whatever few notes remained to be made could be made in the dark. He was very excited about the new direction in which he was heading. The young doctor despite frantic attempts was unable to regain communication as he was particularly interested in making Roger understand that there had been increasing funding problems for the project and if the public was not fed with more accessible information there was a danger of the project being discontinued. But only silence ensued.

The doctor continued to inform Roger of the mounting pressure against him for the next few weeks, but was met only with silence. At the cessation of the monthly reports and bimonthly press releases the public outcry was well-nigh evidence: stock in Roger-related merchandise markedly dropped and senior hospital officials began to murmur about the good uses that the wing Mrs. J was occupying could be put to. The young doctor developed an ulcer.

The media, who had been casting around frantically in search of a way to force Roger to make himself public, suddenly found their caller when a woman in Delaware brought suit against Roger and Mrs. J as his legal guardian, claiming that her unborn son had communicated with her through a series of kicks, telling her that he would not be born, and that Roger had somehow influenced him in making his decision. Though the full weight of Roger's fortune was thrown into resisting, his appearance in court on a subpoena to testify was upheld, and Mrs. J was forced to part with her overhead television console for the first time in a decade. Needless to say the courtroom was filled to capacity.

The woman from Delaware quickly lost her case when her baby was born in the courtroom on the opening day of the trial. Though Roger's intention not to speak remained untested in court, his privacy had been violated and the dam which had been cracked now burst.

Roger refused to speak after the trial, and the anti-Roger movement quickly gained support. More questions were raised about the use of public hospital facilities and funds to house and protect Mrs. J., and to support the project that the young doctor still maintained. Mr. J now close to bankruptcy due to bad business investments and decreasing stock value, sought to gain complete control over Mrs. J, Roger and the investments that had been made in their names by the young doctor. The young doctor, seeing things begin to crumble and concerned about his own health, embarked on an extensive and lucrative lecture tour, leaving the project to younger and inexperienced aides who shortly began to allow anyone with a working knowledge of Morse code to badger Roger.

A few weeks after the young doctor's departure the budget for the project was suddenly terminated and Mrs. J's television console went blank, giving her time to think about how nice it would be to be thin and able to walk, go to the market, and possibly even make love again. She reached the conclusion that she wished Roger would be born. She communicated this to the doctors at the hospital, getting quite hysterical in the process. Due to her dangerous condition a firm decision was made to try once more to forcibly remove Roger from the womb. This intention was passed on to Roger in code. The doctors were afraid that Mrs. J's hysteria, coupled with his continued presence in the womb might endanger the health of one or both of them. The young doctor returned from his lecture tour to supervise.

A massive effort was mounted to enter the womb employing every new technological technique of the past decade, but the entire vast surface area of the womb was so found impenetrable. The young doctor was close to a tearful breakdown and communicated his frustration to Roger in strong language. He was being led from the operating room when a short series of taps were heard from Roger. The young doctor quickly translated them as saying, "I am leaving the womb."

An immense sigh of relief was heard in the operating room and the young doctor immediately answered, "We'll be right in to get you." Preparations for birth were resumed. However there was no movement from within the womb, no labor pains began, and the appointed operating areas were still found impervious to penetration. It was deduced that Roger would give some sort of indication when he was ready to come out. Mr. J, who had undergone a tearful reunion with his estranged wife, resolving to reform a happy family unit when Roger was expelled from the womb at last, was sent home to wait. His same box of cigars, unopened all these years, remained in that condition.

The doctors waited all that night and into the following day, but still there was no indication from Roger that he was prepared to emerge. The media, which had been alerted to the impending event, stood constant vigil in and out of the operating room. Another full day went by with no change.

On the morning of the third day a flurry of activity was heard in the womb, and the doctors immediately came to attention. The young doctor could plainly hear Roger moving about, but his repeated queries of "Are you ready now?" went unanswered. Then suddenly just before noon, the movement stopped.

There was a sudden intake of air, and Mrs. J's womb slowly began to deflate, like a punctured bull air balloon. The doctors were horrified. The young doctor desperately tried to signal Roger through the rapidly shrinking abdominal walls, but could not obtain any answer. Mrs. J was apparently suffering no ill effects other than a pronounced tickling sensation.

The deflation continued for almost forty-five minutes, until Mrs. J's midriff had returned to preconception size, when a stable condition had been reached. The doctors feared that the womb area was now able to be violated. They operated immediately and lost no time entering the womb to see if anything at all could be done for Roger.

The womb was empty. A thorough search was made, and the media was even allowed to examine the womb area to substantiate the doctors' observations. A [illegible] that was found to indicate that Roger had been there was a severed placenta and a note, scribbled in a childish scrawl, and torn from a page of Roger's notebook, which read, "Do not follow me."

THE CHARACTERS OF ALL WORLDS HISTORIES AND FUTURES CONCERN THEMSELVES WITH THE SAGAS OF STRONG DESERVING HEROES WHO ARE THE ARCH ENEMIES OF THE FORCES OF EVIL. THE ARTISTS DO NOT EQUALLY ADMIRE ALL THEIR CREATIONS. SOME ARE FAVORITES AND OTHERS ARE DESPISED. THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS OF THE FOLLOWING PAGES THEY ARE DEVOTED TO SOME OF THESE HEROIC LADIES — AND TO SOME WOMEN NOT SO HEROIC, BUT JUST AS STRONG-WILLED. THEIR STORIES ARE RECORDED HERE UNDER THE TITLE OF —

AMORA

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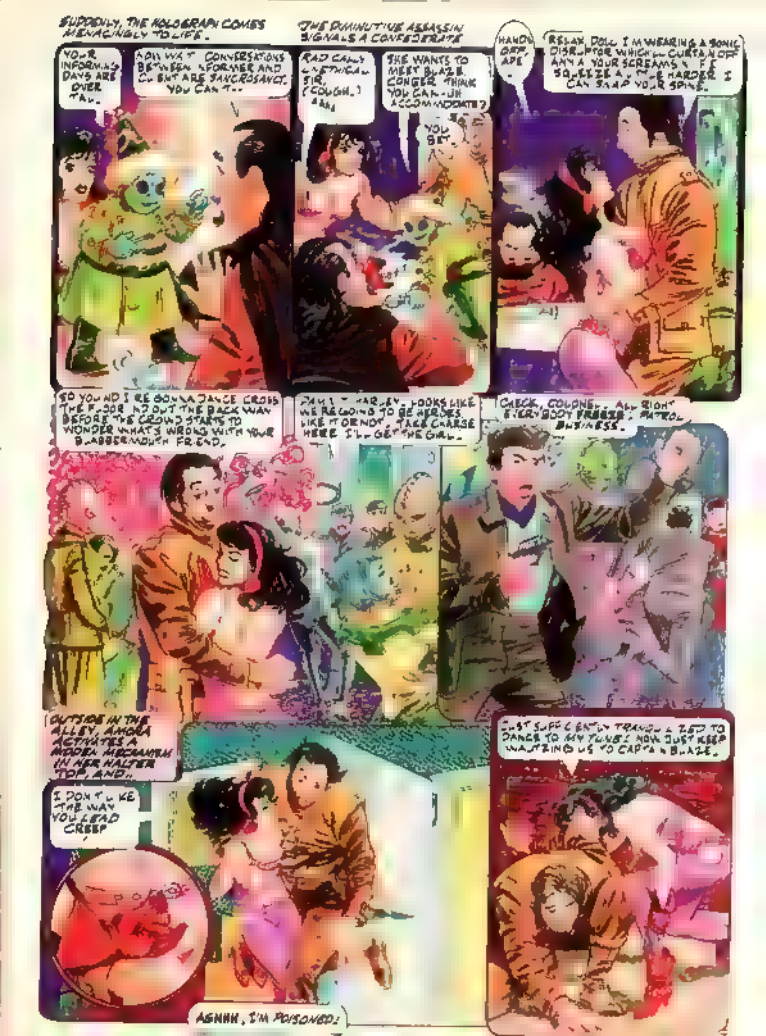
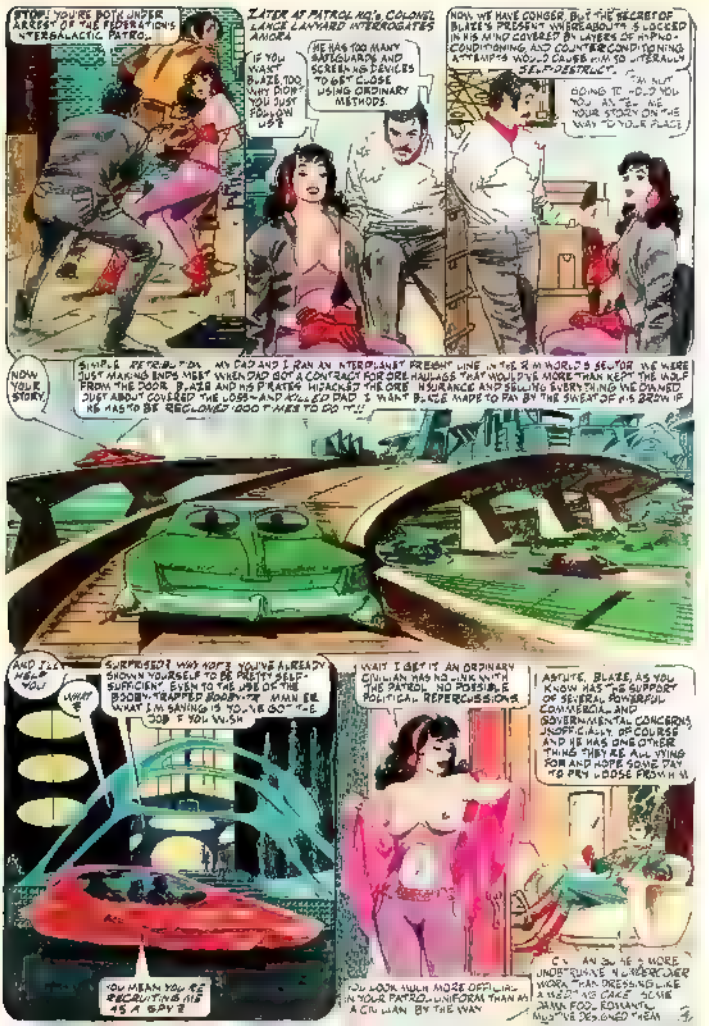
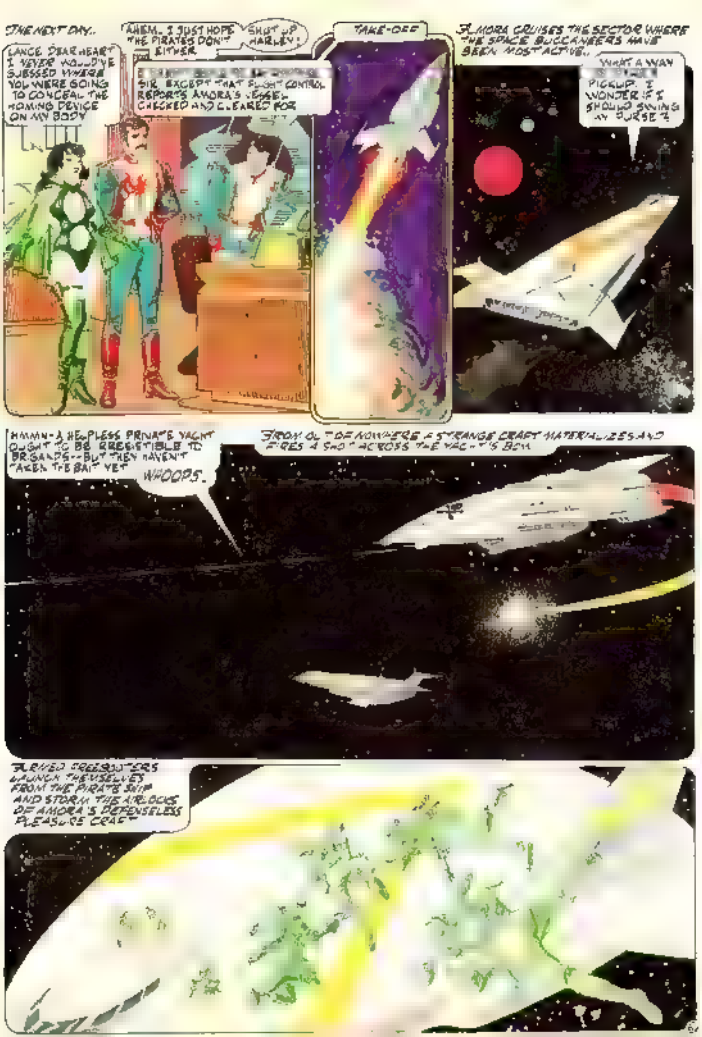
CARE TO ORDER? THE HOLOGRAPH WILL GIVE YOU A COMPLETE LIST OF OUR DEPRESSANTS AND STIMULANTS, AND THE GIRLS & WHALES OFFER THIS CORNER OF THE GALAXY'S FINEST EROTIC RECREATION, INCLUDING THE CREATURES AND GENDER OF YOUR CHOICE. ALSO, OUR SENSATIONAL SALACIOUS FLOOR SHOW BEGINS IN JUST FORTY-FIVE MINUTES
JUST BRING ME SOME ARGHAN W 'EE
DID YOU PICK UP THAT GIRL'S CONVERSATION ON YOUR RECEPTOR SET? SHE MUST BE CRAZY TO COME IN HERE! ONE OF BLAZE'S SLAVERS HAS PROBABLY BRIBED THE WAITER TO DRUG HER DRINK, AND SHE'LL WIND UP IN THE AUCTION BLOCK AND THEN IN SOME FAT DENEBIAN'S SERAGLIO BY TOMORROW
YOU'RE TOO DAMN MUCH THE ROMANTICIST FOR UNDERCOVER WORK, HARLEY. THE PATROL'S INTERESTED IN SAVING BLAZE, NOT IN RESCUING DAMSELS IN DISTRESS. NOW, LET'S JUST SIT RIGHT AND OBSERVE--NOT RISK BLOWING OUR COVER.
AHH... THINGS ARE GETTING INTERESTING. THERE'S THE ANDOLIF
GOOD OF YOU TO WAIT. MY DEAR. HOW CAN I BE OF SERVICE TO YOU--?
BY GIVING ME THE PRESENT BREAKOUTS OF THE PIRATE WHO CALLS HIMSELF BLAZE.
HUMAN EXPENSIVE LITTLE BIRD. VERY EXPENSIVE. ME PAYS ME A REGULAR FEE NOT TO DIVULGE THAT LITTLE SECRET. YOU'D HAVE TO BETTER IT. THEN THE CHARGES FOR HYPNO-TREATMENTS TO ERASE FROM YOUR MEMORY THE SOURCE, MY CONSULTATION FEE AND THEN THERE'S
NEVER MIND THE BULLSHIT, MOVE 'EE
OBTAINING TARGET, SIR?
STOP FOOLING WITH YOUR EAR AND PAYING ATTENTION TO THE EQUIPMENT SECURED THERE. IT DOES MORE THAN IS YOURS. IS FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY.


SUDDENLY, THE HOLOGRAPH COMES MENACINGLY TO LIFE.
THE DIMINUTIVE ASSASSIN SIGNALS A CONFEDERATE
HANDS OFF, APE.
RELAX, DOLL. I'M WEARING A SONIC DISRUPTOR WHICH CURTAILS ANY SCREAMS. IF I SQUEEZE ANY HARDER I CAN SNAP YOUR SPINE.
YOUR INFORMING DAYS ARE OVER, TAV.
AND WHAT CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN YOURSELF AND CONRAD ARE SACROSANCT. YOU CAN T...
READ CARL'S LAST THOUGHTS, SIR. (COUGH, COUGH)
SHE WANTS TO MEET BLAZE CONGER. THINK YOU CAN ACCOMMODATE?
YOU BET.
SO YOU AND I GOTTA DUCK OUT THE BACK WAY BEFORE THE CROWD STARTS TO WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR BABBERMOUTH FRIEND.
AHH - HARLEY. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO BE HEROES LIKE MY DAD. TAKE CHARGE HERE. I'LL GET THE GIRL.
CHECK, COUSINE. ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY FREEZE. PATROL BUSINESS.
OUTSIDE IN THE ALLEY, ANGRA ACCOSTS A HALF-NAKED MERCENARY IN HER HALTER TOP AND...
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU LEAD CREEP
JUST SUFFICIENT TRANQUILIZED TO DANCE TO MY TUNE. NOW JUST KEEP WAITING US TO CAPTURE BLAZE.
AGHHH, I'M POISONED!


STOP! YOU'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST OF THE FEDERATION'S INTERGALACTIC PATRO..
LATER AS PATROL HQ'S COLONEL LANCE LANYARD INTERROGATES AMORA
IF YOU WANT BLAZE TOO, WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST FOLLOW HIM?
HE HAS TOO MANY SAFEGUARDS AND SCREENING DEVICES TO GET CLOSE USING ORDINARY METHODS.
NOW WE HAVE CONGER BLAZE'S SECRETS OF BLAZE'S PRESENT UNREADABLE & LOCKED IN HIS MIND COVERED BY LAYERS OF HYPNO-CONDITIONING AND COUNTER-CONDITIONING ATTEMPTS WOULD CAUSE HIM SO INTERNALLY SELF-DESTRUCT.
I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO YOU AS WE HIM STONED ON THE WAY TO OUR PLACE!
NOW YOUR STORY.
SIMPLE, REALLY! DAD AND I RAN AN INTERPLANET FREIGHT LINE IN THE R MAJOR'S SECTOR WE WERE JUST MAKING ENDS MEET WHEN DAD GOT A CONTRACT FOR ORE HAULAGE THAT WOULD'VE MORE THAN KEPT THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR. BLAZE AND HIS PIRATES HIJACKED THE ORE INSURANCE AND SELLING EVERYTHING WE OWNED JUST ABOUT COVERED THE LOSS—AND KILLED DAD. I WANT BLAZE MADE TO PAY BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW IF HE HAS TO BE RECLONED 1000 TIMES TO DO IT!!
AND I'LL HEAR YOU!
WHAT IF
SURPRISED? WHY HOPE YOU'VE ALREADY SHOWN YOURSELF TO BE PRETTY SELF-SUFFICIENT EVEN TO THE USE OF THE BOOBY-TRAPPED BODY-TE MAN BE WHAT I'M SAYING IS YOU'VE GOT THE JOB IF YOU WISH
YOU MEAN YOU'RE RECRUITING HIS AS A SPY?
I WAIT I GET IT! AN ORDINARY CIVILIAN HAS NO LINK WITH THE PATROL NO POSSIBLE POLITICAL REPERCUSSIONS
YOU LOOK MUCH MORE OFFICIAL IN YOUR PATROL UNIFORM THAN AS A CIVILIAN BY THE WAY
ASTUTE, BLAZE, AS YOU KNOW HAS THE SUPPORT OF SEVERAL POWERFUL COMMERCIAL AND GOVERNMENTAL CONCERNS UNOFFICIALLY, OF COURSE AND HE HAS ONE OTHER THING THEY'RE ALL TRYING FOR AND HOPE SOME DAY HE PAY LOOSE FROM H
CAN YOU BE A MORE UNDERSTATED WORKER THAN DRESSING LIKE A HEAVY AS CAKE SCHIE JAMIN FOO, ROMANTIC MUSTVE DESIGNED THEM

THIS ONE THING THAT MAKES HIM SO ELUSIVE AND SYNDER HIS IS — THE WARP DRIVE — HE CAN WINK IN AND OUT OF INTERDIMENSIONAL SPACE AT WILL — AND MUCH FASTER THAN WE CAN WITH OUR LESS SOPHISTICATED SHIPPING NOW WE KNOW HE HAS A HOME BASE SOMEWHERE AND YOU CAN LEAD US TO IT
PERPETRATION AT THE VERY LEAST CARRYING AN CONCEALED WEAPON KEY WITNESS TO A MURDER
I ACCEPT BUT WHAT BECOMES OF THE WARP DRIVE IF I SURRENDER?
THE FEDERATION GETS TO SOLVE THAT KNOTTY PROBLEM — COULD REVOLUTION BE CURRENT TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS AS WE KNOW SUCH AS THE PEOPLE'S COULD ALSO REVISE THE COST ARTIFICIAL THE FEDERATION'S NEARLY INCORRUPTIBLE BUT — THE DRIVE FALLS INTO THE WRONG HANDS — DON'T YOU SEE HOW IMPORTANT IT IS IF BLACK HAT AGENTS SHIPS HAD BEEN EQUIPPED INSTEAD OF JUST HIS ONE
ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME TO WORK UNDER DECEIVERS, COWARDS — THOUGHT YOU WERE IT GOING TO HOLIDAY REMEMBER?
WHAT IF I REFUSE?
Aww CRAP!
OH MY POSSUM HE'S
HE'S AN EGOMANIAC THINKS HE'S TOUGH ROBINSON DOES ON THE BACK OF BAT-WINGS ARE THE BEST OF DOZENS OF POP-ART WIDESCREEN TAPE MELODRAMAS IN SHORT — FOR THE FUN OF THE GAME
YOUR SUCCESS WILL MEAN THE OPENING OF MORE OF THE SPACE LANES TO FREE TRADE
NOW AS A DECOY AND WITH THE AID OF THIS TINY DEVICE
I DON'T SEE ANY-THING
YOU CAN'T — THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL SEE A BLEEP-LIKE BURST OF INFRA-RADIATION — THE SMALLEST ROOM AN DEVICE EVER INVENTED
I BEGIN TO SEE A GREAT DEAL. YOU WISH ME TO ANOINT MYSELF TO BE CAPTURED WITH THIS CONCEALED SOMEWHERE ON MY BODY AND SO LEAD YOU DIRECTLY TO THE [illegible]
I'M ESSENCE — THAT'S TRUE UP TO NOW WHEN PURSUED THEN I NOW WARP OUT OF THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE AND REAPPEAR IN ANOTHER BEYOND THE RANGE AND CAPABILITIES OF OUR DETECTORS TO LOCATE US IN THIS WE CAN PINPOINT THEM
I DO HOPE YOU ARE IN TIME TO SAVE ME FROM WALKING THE PLANK BE NO KEELHAULED OR WHATEVER'S PLEASING TO THESE PRISONERS THESE DAYS
DON'T WORRY WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND YOU BY TRACKING THIS DEVICE'S SIGNALS IN ANY CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE
JUST TRY TO GET THERE COWARDS, BEFORE I'M CORNERED
AND IF YOU DON'T I'LL HANDLE IT MYSELF
WHY HAVE YOU HEARD OF SOME SMALL ROOMS?
HE CALLS ME CAVILE


THE NEXT DAY..
LANCE, DEAR HEART I NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO CONCEAL THE HOMING DEVICE ON MY BODY
AHEM.. I JUST HOPE THE PIRATES DON'T SWIPER
SHUT UP HARLEY!
TAKE-OFF
SIR, EXCEPT THAT FLIGHT CONTROL REPORTS AMORA'S VESSEL CHECKED AND CLEARED FOR
AMORA CRUISES THE SECTOR WHERE THE SPACE BUCCANEERS HAVE BEEN MOST ACTIVE..
WHAT A MAN PIGGUP I WONDER IF I SHOULD SWING AN OURSE?
HMMM- A HELPLESS PRIVATE YACHT OUGHT TO BE IRRESISTIBLE TO BRIGANDS-- BUT THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN THE BAIT YET
WHOOPS.
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE A STRANGE CRAFT MATERIALIZES AND FIRES A SHOT ACROSS THE VESSEL'S BOW
ARMED FREEBOOTERS LAUNCH THEMSELVES FROM THE PIRATE SHIP AND STORM THE AIRLOCK OF AMORA'S DEFENSELESS PLEASURE CRAFT

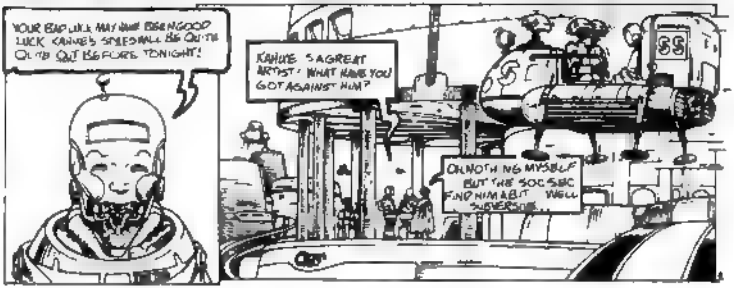
CAPTAIN BLAKE STANDING BY AND PREPARED TO BE BOARDED. HIS RESISTANCE WILL BE DEALT WITH HARSHLY
CAPTAIN, I SENSE A BREAK IN THE BRIDGE FOR YOU.
I WONDER IF HE WILL BE BOARDED OR BLASTED AND BOARDED
NO BODY TO SPEAK OF CAPTAIN
HUMM... A FAIR PRICE FOR SO MUCH EFFORT WE'VE DONE A NICE JOB HERE BUT I'D BE SURE ANOTHER CREW COULD BE NOT FILL YES AS MUCH ON THE ARCTIC AS SLAVE MARKET
STRAIGHTS LATER...
YOU CAN DOCK ME AWAY AND YOU WANT TO BE A PART OF THIS
I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY. WE'LL HAVE TO BOARD THE SHIP. THE SMALL VESSEL IS COULD BE SUNK TO THE BOTTOM
BUT CAPTAIN YOU CAN BEAT'M NOT TOGETHER AND ATTACK AT ONCE
NOW LET'S MAKE SURE WE HAVE OUR PRESS CONFERENCE MORE PRESENTABLE
MAY BE ONE OF THEM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID WHEN I WAS NAKED AND ALONE WITH MYSELF
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN BUT I'M SURE IT'S GOOD
THE CAPTAIN SUPPRESSES THOUGHTS THAT ANGER'S AND CONCEALS NO MORE HE DON'T BE ALL THE LAWS AND ONLY SAY AS MUCH AS NECESSARY OF ANGER HERSELF AND IS CONCEIVED THE BE CAUSE REST TO THEM AS STRONG AS ANOTHER TWENTY OF FEELING SECURE FROM DANGER
YOU WILL SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY IN THE NAME OF THE FEDERATION. ANY RESISTANCE IS USELESS THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS I REPEAT THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS
THE CAPTAIN'S APPROACH IS THE PATROL AS THE BOARDING PARTY IS ALL BUT DESTROYED AND THE REMAINING RE-BEAT FORCES REALIZE THAT OR IS OUTNUMBERED OUTNUMBERED THEY CAN ONLY SURRENDER

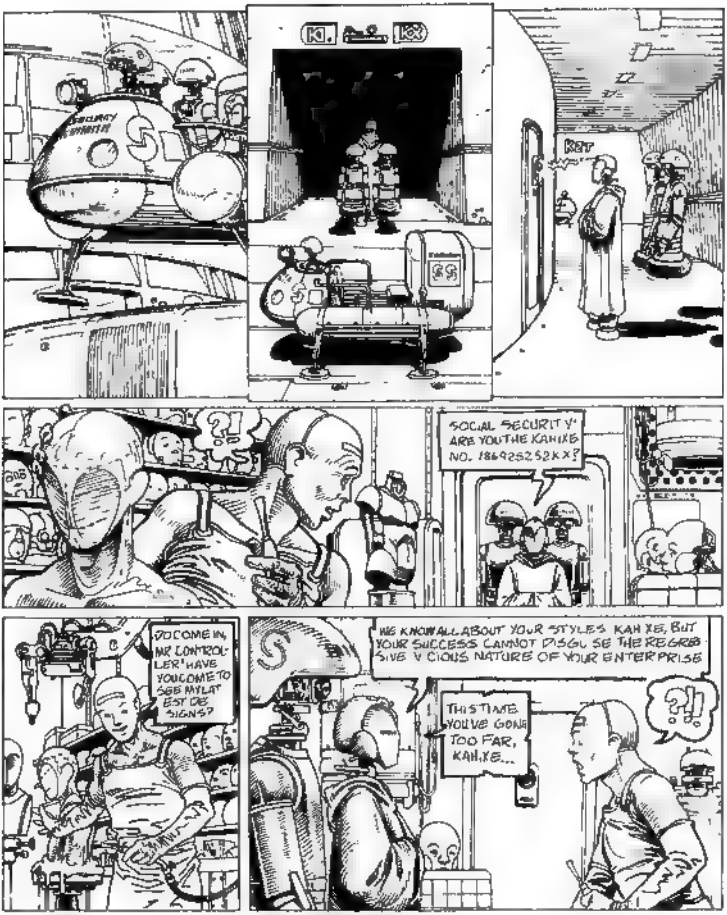
A NICE BIT OF WORK AMORA THANKS TO THE MOVING DEVICE WE KNEW WHERE YOU WERE AT ALL TIMES SINCE
BUT I'M ASHAMED YOU SORCERESS--HOW COULD I HAVE MISSED
--IT'S JUST AS YOU CAME WITHIN AN EYELASH OF BEING A WINNER
SHORTLY THEREAFTER...
GOOD LORD & THE B.R. HAS ABSCONDED WITH THE PIRATE SHIP--AND THE WARP DRIVE!
DAMN YOU-- WHY WASN'T IT PROPERLY SECURED? HOW DID THE KEEN THIEF GET PAST MEKANO, WOOBLEG BY, I IMAGINE
WELL... WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM A PERHAPS A LADY OF SEA AND--OR WORSE "MAL BLAZE"?
AS IT HAPPENED, A HORA WENT BACK TO THE SPACE FREIGHT BUSINESS WITH A HEAVY BOOK OVER HER COMPLAINTS TO EXCUSE CONTINUING HER TRAVELS THROUGH GALAXY 06 THROUGH THE MEDIA. MORE LATER ON THE SECRETS OF THE WARP DRIVE, THIS EXCITING SERIES CONTINUES. THERE WAS A SHORT HEARING AND A FAST HOUTTAL FOR THE REMAINS OF THE SMUGGLERS--AND THE NEW STAR OF THE VID-SCREEN
IT IS SAID THAT COLONEL LANYARD MARKED THE LADY JUST TO STEP HER FROM HOPPING ABOUT THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT HIM. FROM THAT ON FORWARD HE MADE CERTAIN SHE NEVER CHECKED ANYTHING OR ANYONE, AND THAT SHE ALWAYS KNEW WHERE SHE WAS AT ALL TIMES. AND WHAT OF CAPTAIN BLAZE? WELL...
TRANSPORT SYSTEMS REVOLUTIONIZED!
HEY BLAZE, WARDEN HAS US SET UP MATCH RACES BASED ON THE NEW ADVENTURES OF AMORA
AM I SEEING HOW YOU LOOK FOR PEOPLE?
...AT LEAST, HE HAD HIS MEMORIES....
Cole

AHEM. WHAT A FABULOUS FACE! WAS IT BESSER DID YOU FIND IT?
IT'S THE LATEST LOOK IN PLASTO-MATICS, MY DEAR!
BUT THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR OLD ACHEM, IN THE PLAINEST POSSIBLE GET UP!

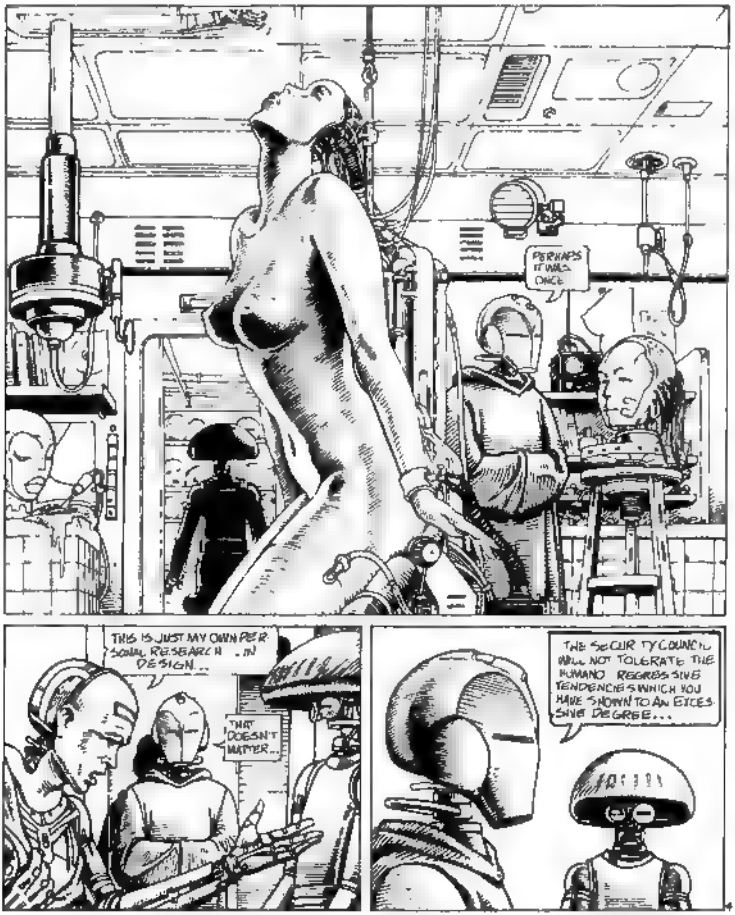
ONLY CONNECT: LIFESTYLES

WHAT A SPLENDID OUTFIT IT WAS. EACH PIECE INDIVIDUALLY PROPORTIONED! UNFORTUNATELY I WAS RATHER LED ASTRAY BY THE HEROSCOUS AT BESTACUS' LITTLE PARTY, AND MY KANE OUTFIT DISSOLVED PLATE BY PLATE.


YOUR BAD LUCK MAY HAVE BEEN GOOD LUCK KANE'S SPIES WILL BE QUITE OUT OF BEFORE TONIGHT!
KANE'S A GREAT ARTIST. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST HIM?
OH NOTHING MYSELF BUT THE SOCIETIC FIND HIM A BIT WELL SUPERFICIAL...
55


SECURITY CRUISER
KAH XE
SOCIAL SECURITY ARE YOU THE KAHXE NO. 186925252KXX?
YO COME IN, MR CONTROLLER! HAVE YOU COME TO SEE MY LATEST DESIGNS?
WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR STYLES KAH XE, BUT YOUR SUCCESS CANNOT DISGUISE THE REGRESSIVE VICIOUS NATURE OF YOUR ENTERPRISE
THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, KAH XE...

TOO FAR! HOW CAN AN ARTIST GO TOO FAR MR CONTROLLER???!!!
DON'T ARGUE WITH ME. WE KNOW VERY WELL, YOU AND I, WHAT YOU HAVE HIDDEN IN YOUR WORKSHOP! YOU ARE FINISHED! KAHUKE!!
NO MR CONTROLLER THAT'S PRIVATE!
PRIVATE?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST I ADVISE YOU TO GIVE YOURSELF UP
THE COUNCIL HAS FINALLY DECIDED TO PUT AN END TO THE AGGRESSIVE TENDENCIES WHICH ARE A MENACE TO OUR PEOPLE...
YOU CALL THAT "FASHION"!


PERHAPS IT WAS ONCE.
THIS IS JUST MY OWN PERSONAL RESEARCH ... IN DESIGN...
THAT DOESN'T MATTER...
THE SECURITY COUNCIL WILL NOT TOLERATE THE HUMANOID REGRESSIVE TENDENCIES WHICH YOU HAVE SHOWN TO AN ETCES SIVE DEGREE...

YOU ARE DISSOLUTE, KARINE! YOUR PRODUCTION SERIOUSLY DISTURBS THE ARTIFICIAL EVOLUTION OF OUR SOCIETY AND IS A MENACE TO SOCIAL SECURITY.
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR MASK.
NO NEED.
I AM JUST AN ARTIST..
BAH-HAHS..
BUT THAT QUALIFICATION HAS NO SOCIAL IMPORTANCE.
... REALLY, YOU CAN BELIEVE ME, ACHEM, THE STYLES TH S WINTER WILL BE CUBIST...
S-CUR
ALIAS

LAST DAY...

by MANAK

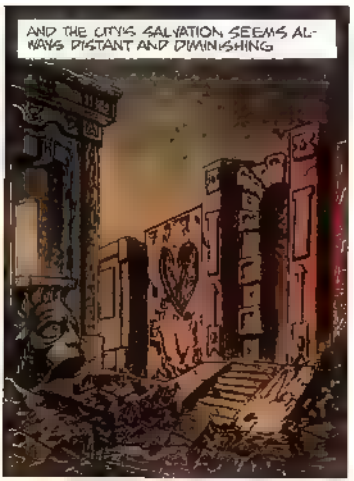
AS PERKY AS EVER, EH, MM FRIEND?
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE MADE THIS CLIMB TOGETHER? I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW EH, KANAMIE
HEH, HEH, SO OUR HIKE DID TIRE YOU OUT

THE WHOLE OF OUR LIVES SPENT HERE, ON THE DESOLATE FOURTH SPHERE OF PRISMA.. ON WATCH FOR THE UNSEEN INVADERS - BUT NOW OUR SERVICE IS FINISHED, AND WE MUST.. MUST PART!
HEERK!..

WELL, TIME TO GO, OL' GIRL!
YES, MY DEAR. I WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY WE COULD REMAIN.
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
TOGETH -

NIGHT ANGEL
A STORY BY PAUL ABRAMS
LURID, LETHARGIC, UNCHARTED CITY. CARNIVAL OF UNENDING TIME

HOOKERS JUNKIES, AND OTHER DEPRAVED FORMS ARE THE NORMS OF THE STREET


AND THE CITY'S SALVATION SEEMS ALWAYS DISTANT AND DIMINISHING

SOMEWHERE A GODDESS IS WATCHING, AWAITING THE DIVINE SECOND TO DESCEND UPON OUR FOUL LAND

SHE IS SORCERESS, ENCHANTRESS, FEMALE PROPHET YET WHAT CAN SHE BRING US THAT WILL LEAD TO OUR REDEMPTION?

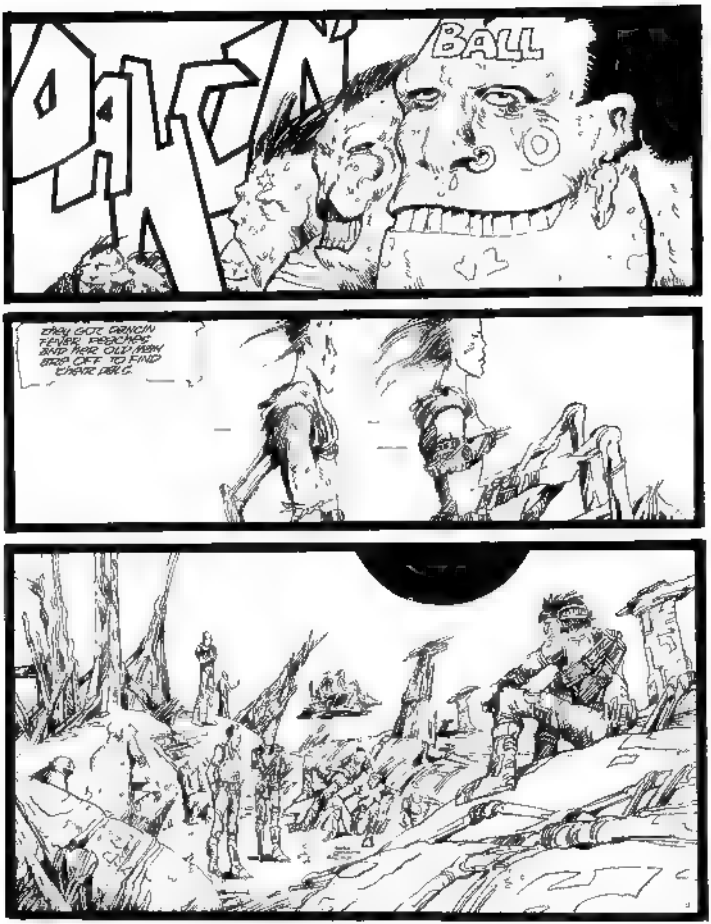
I WALK CAT LIKE THROUGH OUR JUNGLE, EACH MOMENT FILLED WITH EROTIC PULSATIONS.

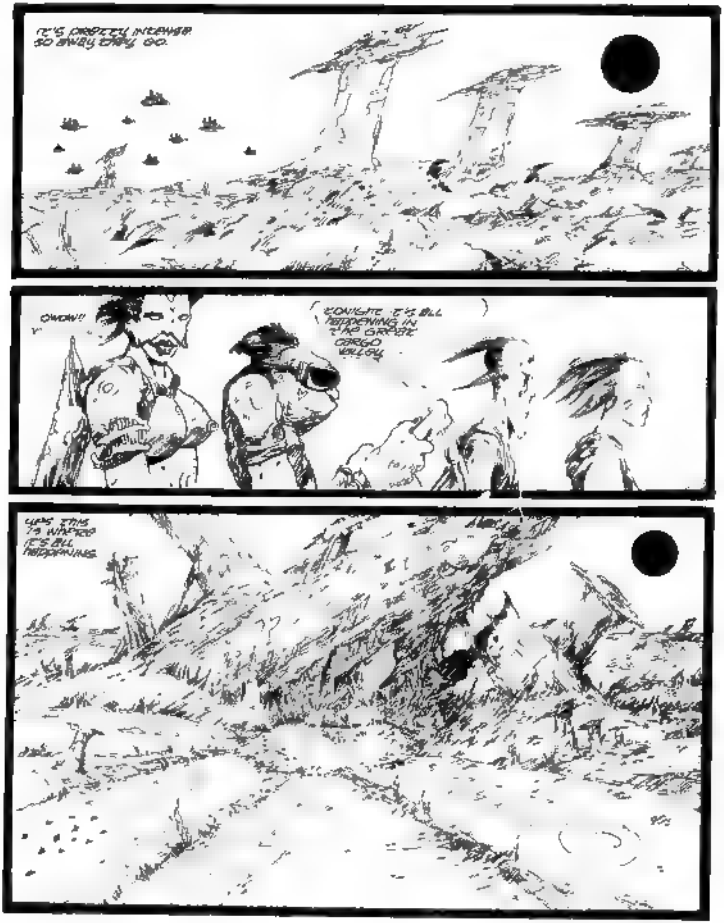
NIGHT ANGEL SHE MOVES DEFTLY THROUGH OUR DARKNESS, HER PURITY IS HER SHIELD

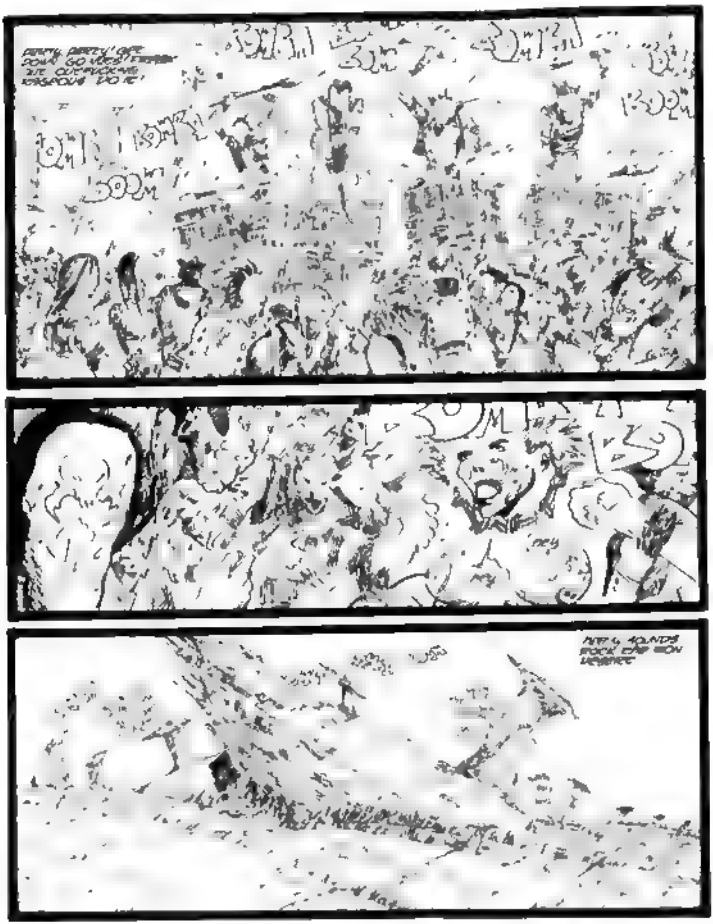
I SENSE HER PRESENCE, AND I PRAY THAT IF NOTHING MORE, SHE'LL TAKE ME FROM THIS LETHAL LAND

BUT HER INEXPERIENCE IS HER DOWNFALL—HER FATAL FLAW THE FIRST SIGN OF IT IS EVIDENT

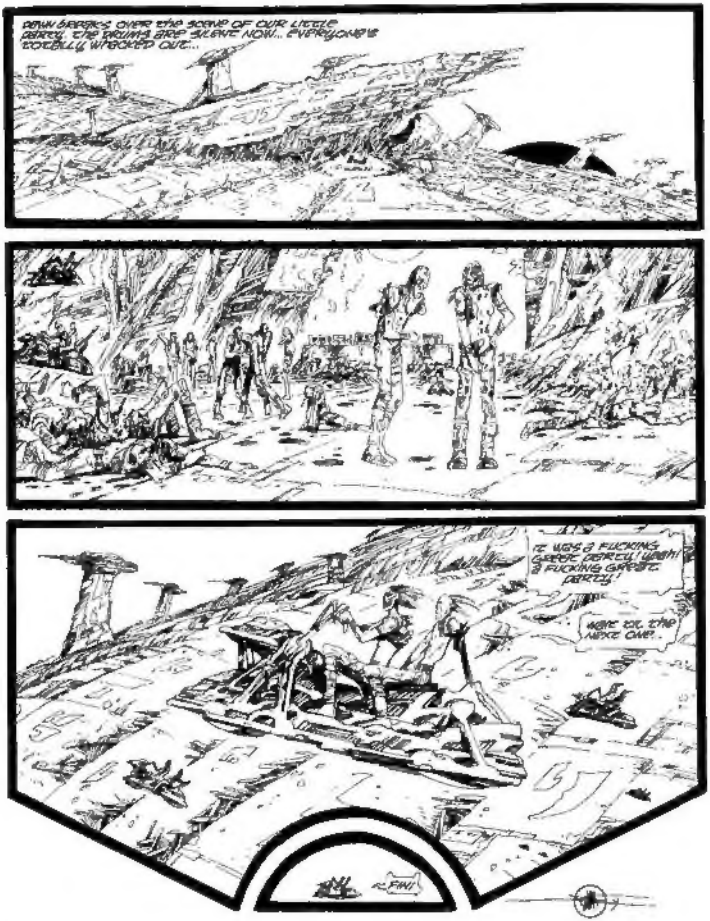
THERE IS NO MORE INNOCENCE ONCE YOU'VE BEEN TAINTED
THE END


BALL
BRAY GOT CRACKIN FEVER REACHES AND PEAR OLD MAN BRAY OFF TO FIND CRACK DEALS.


IT'S DROPPED INTO HER SO AWAY THEY GO.
OWOW!
I DUNGIT IT'S ALL FREEFALLING IN THE CARGO HOLD.
HERE THIS I'S WRONG IT'S ALL FREEFALLING.


DIRTY, DIRTY GIRL. YOU'RE SO WICKED! IT'S TIME FOR OUTRAGEOUS PUNISHMENT TO BE!
MEN'S HANDS ROCK THE IRON MAIDEN!

BOMB
BOOM
BOM
BOM
B


DAWN BREAKS OVER THE SCENE OF OUR LITTLE DANCE. THE TRIUMPHANT SILENCE NOW... EVERYONE'S TOTALLY WRECKED OUT...
IT WAS A FUCKING GREAT DANCE! YEAH! A FUCKING GREAT DANCE!
HERE TO THE NEXT ONE!
FIN!

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